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MEMOIR

OF

REV. SETH BARNES,

BY

HERMAN BISBEE.

"Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek."

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TO

THE UNIVERSALISTS OF THE WEST,

In Grateful Remembrance

OF

THEIR AFFECTION FOR THE SUBJECT OF THIS MEMOIR,

AND

IN RECOGNITION OF THEIR FIDELITY TO PRINCIPLE AND ENERGY IN BUILDING INSTITUTIONS WHICH SHALL FOREVER FORTIFY AND STRENGTHEN OUR RELIGION, THIS RECORD OF A SAINTLY LIFE,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

West Cambridge, Mass., April, 1867.

Br. Bisbee:

Borne across half the continent, your invitation to write something to appear in the Memoir of Rev. Seth Barnes reaches me at my home near the Atlantic shore.

In accordance with that, and with my own feelings, I pen these lines. I seem to see our brother now as I so often saw him at his home on the banks of the Mississippi. For nearly two years my residence was at Minneapolis, just over the river. At the gateway of his yard, near the river, I first looked on his genial face, and heard his cordial words, and felt the warm grasp of his hand. On the same spot we bade each other good-by, cheered by the hope that we should meet again on earth. God willed otherwise. Our brother was called away from life to the evergreen hills of heaven. Our next meeting will be on the farther bank of the river that flows silently between time and eternity.

From the first I was strongly drawn to him. Soon I learned to love him as a father. We met often. It was good to be with him. No breath of discord ever rippled the surface of our mutual affection. He was a safe adviser and an unfailing friend. My Sunday service most of the time was in the afternoon. This gave me the opportunity of attending his service, and worshiping with him and his people in the morning. It was one of the best hours of the week to me when I walked to his beautiful church, and there listened to his clear, practical and earnest enforcement of the truths of heaven. There were no counterfeit utterances in his prayer or sermon. Every thought bore the golden impress of sincerity, and was coined in the mint of his own Christian experience. His sermons always did me good; and the condition of his parish, full in numbers and fervent in devotion, was ample evidence that they were abundantly helpful to others.

He was especially fervid when dwelling on the kindling hopes of heaven. His smile was the sweetest I ever saw on face of man. His glowing soul shone through and lightened every feature, and, when pointing the sorrowing heart to the upper world, his face seemed radiant with a reflection of its glory.

Nearly every Monday I saw him at his home. It was such a home as every minister should have, for Christian love hallowed it day by day. It was joy to see how tenderly Br. Barnes and his dear wife leaned their souls upon each other. He was so thoughtful of her, and she was ever so of him. How careful he was, heeding all those little attentions that so many neglect, but which are the flowers of wedded life, and are even more beautiful rendered by one of his years than when given by the young. Then she was so devoted to him. Ever an excellent wife, a loving companion, and a discreet counselor in all things. Twain in body, their souls were one. For many years they had walked hand in hand the journey of life. Part of the way was bright; but some spots had been dark and others rough. The roughness was smoothed, the shadows lightened, and the brightness increased by the mutual help extended by each to the other.

His people loved him. The whole community respected him. When other preachers who sought that distant field proved unfaithful, he stood like a rock, strong in his own integrity. His character was so pure that sectarian animosity bowed down and did it reverence. His name was a rallying cry for the Universalists of the State. That our cause outlived the storm so well was due to him. His influence was not like the torrent which foams and rushes wildly on for a time, and then dries up like the morning dew. It was a constant stream, flowing calmly on, deepening and broadening as it swept through the years, making society green with growing virtues around him, and blessing a whole denomination with its benignant flow. His life was filled with love of God and love of man. He felt the responsibility which rested on him as a Christian minister. He both preached Universalism and lived it. All through the West are scattered noble men and women whose lives are a living defense of our faith, and who date their conversion to him.

The affections of many to whom he had been a spiritual father,

went out towards him, and twined tenderly around him, as the vine goes out and seeks the support of a grand old forest tree. And, as the tree falls before the woodman's ax, dragging down with it the vine that coils around it and the tendrils that clasp its twigs; so when our brother fell by the stroke of Death, these affections clung to him and his, with even a closer tenacity than during his life. His good name is now the inheritance of the denomination that he loved. It is more than this. It is a legacy to Christianity. Such legacies constitute the true wealth of the world, and not its fields of corn and wheat, and mines of gold and coal and iron.

Many hearts were sad as the news came to them that Br. Barnes was dead. And two of the saddest received the word in far New England whither they had gone not very long before. I can not think of my Western home and he not there. Many kind friends remain on both sides of the river, but the scene is not complete with Br. Barnes left out. His spirit lingers there, and in my memory will ever linger.

That voice which spoke in tones of kindly friendship is silent now. Sightless the eye through which a royal soul looked out. Still is the heart that throbbed with earnest life. Cold in the sleep of death is the hand which bravely bore the banner of the Cross. Low lies the head. Silent the dust sleeps in its narrow bed. The free-born winds of the prairie sweetly chant his requiem, sorrowing for this faithful Christian man. But death is gain to him. His freed spirit has gone up to shine forever, a guardian star, for the dear ones he ardently loved. Let us who knew him embalm his memory. Let us emulate his high example. Let us consecrate ourselves anew to the holy faith he preached, and go truthfully forward to join him in the immortal home.

J. W. Keyes.

INTRODUCTION.

In the Spring of 1865 I visited Minnesota for the first time. Though I had a somewhat extended acquaintance in the Universalist ministry, I had merely heard of Rev. Seth Barnes as the pastor of a Western parish.

I settled in St. Paul, and, during the remainder of Br. Barnes' earthly life, was somewhat intimately connected with him in the work of the ministry. I often visited at his house, accompanied him to conference meetings in the surrounding villages, corresponded with him, and met people in different parts of the State who had known him for a term of years. It was my privilege to hear him preach on several occasions; to hear him speak in prayer meetings, and to hear him converse with the doubting and afflicted. I was associated with him in the organization of the Minnesota State Convention of Universalists; and through these various sources of information, I discovered that he was one of the true, able, and devoted men of our denomination. I came to esteem him, as I have esteemed few men upon earth. And, when three months after his death, I was called to cultivate a field which he had tilled for nearly ten years, where the material of a memoir lay ready to my hand, I entered upon the

work of preserving some knowledge of the man with pleasure.

I offer no apology for adding another to the memoirs of those who have fought a good fight and finished their course in our ranks. Biography is always instructive and interesting, if tolerably well written, to both old and young. While I offer no apology for the Memoir itself, I should apologize for the rough and unpolished style; but the work is a labor of love, and I thought it better to harvest the wheat though I must leave it in the shock, than to see it uncut.

Br. Barnes kept no journal, wrote few letters, and was not accustomed to repeat his experiences. It has therefore been somewhat difficult to obtain the little information herein contained. Though the material lay ready to my hand, it was locked in the memory of acquaintances. Nearly all the information contained in this little work, I have obtained by conversation with his friends. While in the main it is reliable, it may reasonably be expected that old associates will discover some errors. If the history of Universalism shall ever be written, this work, though it has cost no extensive research, will have its value. Even these traces of early Western footsteps I trust will be considered worth preserving.

I have omitted much matter from the Memoir for the purpose of making the book more valuable for Sunday School libraries and general circulation. My design has been to depart in a measure from the usual custom, to avoid lumbering the pages with

documents, and present in a condensed and readable form, a general idea of the good man's life.

I am under obligations to many friends for assistance in gathering facts, for counsel, and for help in various ways. Here I thank them all.

In the midst of cares pressing upon me more heavily than I can tell, I have prepared this unpretending volume. I regret its imperfections. I hope it will do good; and I believe it will be acceptable in many households, speaking as it does of one dearly beloved throughout the West. H. B.

St. Anthony, Minn., Oct. 20, 1867.

MEMOIR OF REV. SETH BARNES.

I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Seth Barnes was born in Plymouth, Conn., on the 6th of February, 1814. His parents were Presbyterians, very firm in the faith. His father died when the subject of this sketch was only eleven years of age. There exists at the present time, no data from which to weave a connected history of his childhood and youth. No such history is desirable. Certain incidents often repeated by himself during the later years of his life, or remembered by surviving members of the family, certain peculiarities and surroundings, are sufficient to give a general idea of that interesting period.

When a child he was very passionate. He had always a keen sense of the religious and the right, but was often borne away by a current which he could not stem. So uncontrollable were his passions, that he suffered acute pain, when calm, and mourned in secret as few children are called to mourn over defects. It was a source of great anxiety to his mother. He was the youngest of ten children, and dearly beloved. It was a source of anxiety to all who knew him, and cared for his welfare. His impetuosity would lead him into difficulties from which he found it difficult

to extricate himself. An incident saved him. One morning, in summer, he was trudging along to the district school, in company with several other boys of about his own age. As is usual in such cases, the minds of all were more upon their sports than their studies. They commenced to play by the side of the road. Some difficulty arose between Master Seth and one of his playmates. Cutting words were given on both sides, and, in answer to some thing especially severe, young Barnes hurled a stone at the head of his adversary. It was well aimed, and the boy fell as though dead. The moment that the mischief was done, the revulsion of feeling was terrible. He went up to the prostrate boy, uttering the most piteous cries. His anguish was unutterable. He believed that he had taken the life of his little school-mate, and no words could paint his feelings. For several minutes he felt that the word "murderer" was being burned into the flesh of his forehead. But slowly the wounded boy came back to consciousness. He recovered; but the lesson was lasting. He resolved that never again, under any circumstances, would he yield to his passions. He was cured from that hour.

He had the impression, while yet a child, that he should one day be a minister. The impression grew stronger as he advanced into the period more properly belonging to youth. He believed of course that he should be a preacher of the Presbyterian Theology, and, with characteristic earnestness, he declared that he would preach the doctrine of future retribution ten-fold hotter than he had ever heard it. He did what his hands found to do with his might, and

at that time believing that the doctrine of endless woe for the wicked was true, he believed that it was not preached with sufficient earnestness—a position eminently sound. We may reasonably suppose, from the character of the man, that had he continued to believe the Calvinistic Theology, he would have preached it with such plainness that people could have understood his position.

Like all finely organized children, he was exceedingly sensitive. A word of censure would bring tears to his eyes, and often cause pain for days. There were few things he so much dreaded as incurring the displeasure of his parents. While he was yet a mere child, he found a pipe which he filled with tobacco and smoked lustily. The smoke sickened him to such an extent that his parents were alarmed, not knowing the cause of his pain. He himself became fully convinced that he should die. He was in great distress of mind. Whether to tell his parents, as he felt that he ought, and incur the censure that he felt certain he should receive, or whether to die with the secret locked in his own bosom, he found difficult to decide. At length he called his little brother to his side, and said to him, "Tell my parents that I smoked, and that that was what made me sick. But don't tell them till after I die, because they will blame me if you do." This is a very good illustration of his sensitiveness in this regard. Even his sense of right, strong as it was, yet compelled to yield in this case to his dread of censure. And this sensitiveness followed him through all his earthly life. Only the Eye which sees all things, has seen the many sorrowful hours caused by

this peculiarity. Only one Heart knows all that he suffered in the ministry. An unkind word went to his soul, as the keen blade goes to the living flesh.

His education was meagre. Not having the means or opportunity to acquire a collegiate education, he was compelled to fight the battle of life without it. In his boyhood days he went to the district school, and made the most of such opportunities as were given him. But the facilities for acquiring an education were not in his day what they are now, and the need of an education was not felt as now. He was an apt scholar and added much to his book knowledge after he left school, though he never attended a term in an academy.

His religious feelings were fervent; yet though his parents were strict in their professions and teachings, he never became satisfactorily converted, and never joined the Church to which his parents belonged. This appears remarkable when we take into consideration his impression that he should enter the ministry, and when we consider his ardent religious nature. It appears still more remarkable when we consider how perseveringly he tried to experience conversion. The young lads of the neighborhood, from twelve to fifteen years of age, himself among them, attended school for many nights in succession to pray together. There, in all the fervor of youth, where cant was out of the question, they supplicated the Father for the gift of his Spirit. Often, and with many tears, they besought the Infinite to pardon their sins. Beautiful was the sight! Boys meeting in the night time, not for revelry, but for the highest spiritual pur-

pose—the salvation of their souls. And one of most devout among them all was Seth Barnes. They turned to him as their spiritual leader. His gravity and dignity eminently fitted him for the position. And earnestly indeed did he labor for his own conversion. He not only prayed with the boys of his own age, but he prayed in church, in his closet, and alone by the babbling brook, and in a quiet retreat in the deep forest. It was a source of bitter grief that he could not feel the change which he then believed he must feel. But the miracle failed. The Holy Spirit came not in the form and with the power which he asked. His heart remained the same. He was never converted, notwithstanding he labored as few have done, so young. Perhaps even then glimpses of the better faith were dimly seen in the distance.

He was a delicate child, and suffered at times from the effect of his religious faith. He suffered, as he would not have suffered, had he been more robust. One evening his parents sent him alone after the cows. The pasture was large, and, as a matter of course, the time near nightfall. By the time he reached the pas ture a dense fog had settled upon the hill. He could see nothing of the cows—nothing of the familiar objects which he had been accustomed to see. He became frightened. He thought the day of judgment had assuredly come. Why his conceit took this form it is difficult to determine, since in all the accounts which are supposed to refer to that event, there is no mention of fog. His mind was excited on religious subjects no doubt; and without stopping to be logical, he became frightened. He concluded that there would be

no further need of cows, and hastened back with all speed, and in the wildest alarm, to tell his father and mother that the day of judgment had surely come. They convinced him of his mistake in a little common sense conversation, and in company with an elder brother, he returned for the cows. Such mistakes were not uncommon. Delicate, and timid in his weakness, his vivid imagination scented the pestilence, death, and the judgment from afar. The tendency of his mind in solitude was to the gloomy. He mused of shadows. His religious opinions cast these shadows. The contrast between his hours of recreation and meditation was very marked.

His early training was the same as that usually given by New England farmers of the Puritan stamp to their children. He labored with his hands from morning till night, and from Monday until Saturday, through all the summer months. In the winter he was allowed the usual three months' schooling. He had few books to read, and little leisure to read them. Even while attending school, he had the cows, horses, and sheep to help care for, both morning and evening. The school usually commenced on the first Monday in December, and continued until March. As soon as the school closed, there was wood to chop at the door. When the wood pile was finished, the season had so far advanced that preparations were at once commenced for the season's work. Plows and harrows were taken out, and the seed put into the ground. This work occupied the months of April and May. In June there was plenty of hoeing. In July haying commenced,

and harvesting followed. Then apple gathering and fall plowing. So round and round went the years in the same grooves of ceaseless labor. These were the days of his boyhood.

While yet young (precisely how young I can not ascertain), he left home to care for himself. The first Universalist preacher he ever heard was Theophilus Fiske, in New Haven, Conn., and there he first became interested in Universalism. The particulars of his change of faith are not known. He was twenty-two years old when he began to preach the good news of a world's redemption. Like all the liberal preachers of his time, he encountered a very bitter prejudice. He met with opposition in a mild, yet unpleasant form, within the family of which he was a member. Soon after he preached his first sermon, he went to a small town in Pennsylvania where his brother resided, his elder brother, and the only Universalist in the family. His mother was living with his brother at the time, and a sister resided in the neighborhood. The Universalists in the vicinity, learning that Mr. Barnes was a minister, arranged for him to preach. His mother refused to attend church. Proud as she was of her boy, and dearly as she loved him, her prejudices were too strong against the doctrine to admit of her hearing it, even from the lips of her son. Afterwards, while he remained, she opposed him with bitter words, though they were motherly in their bitterness. His sister joined in the opposition. Enough was said to destroy the religious harmony, and though there was

no estrangement, a coldness succeeded which caused many unhappy hours to Mr. Barnes.

In 1859 he visited his mother in New Haven, Conn. It so happened, or was so arranged, that he had an appointment to preach in the Universalist church in that city. Nothing upon the subject of religion had passed between mother and son for twenty years. He supposed that her opposition was confirmed. He was greatly surprised, therefore, when he was ready for church, to hear her say, "I would like to hear you preach to-day, Seth; do you think I can get up the steps to your church?" "Yes, mother, I will carry you up in my arms, if there is no other way. Have your views changed?" "Very much, my son," said the old lady affectionately; "I believe there is good in all orders. I have no prejudice against Universalists now. I am as willing to hear a minister of that denomination as any other." Mother and son walked to the house of God in company.

She died only two months before him,— she dying in June, and he in August. The last letter that he ever wrote, was in reply to one which announced her departure. It was the last writing that he ever did upon earth, and, for obvious reasons, I insert it here. It reads as follows:

"ST. ANTHONY, August 11, 1866.

"*My Dear Relatives:* Your kind letter informing me of mother's departure to the better land, was duly received, and I should have answered it immediately, but was on the eve of a visit to our friends in Clearwater, and thought I would wait till our return. Since then other cares and duties have so pressed upon me, that the writing has been delayed to the present.

"It is strange as well as sad, that mother, so enfeebled in all her physical powers, could have endured to suffer so much and so long. I was not unprepared to hear of her departure. I was expecting it, but I anticipated she would pass away gently as a summer's evening, without much suffering. But how little we know of this pathway of life, farther than we travel it day by day! God's providences are often strange and mysterious. But He doeth all things well. This earthly house is but a temporary abode, and when we are all called to leave it, and the mortal puts on immortality, we pass from the pains and struggles of the earthly. Thank God she will suffer no more, and we all shall meet her over the river. I wish to say to you all, that I appreciate your care and kind attentions to mother, and I thank you all for the favors you have bestowed, for what you have done to make her last days comfortable. May Heaven reward you for it. "As ever yours,

"S. BARNES."

II.

EARLY MINISTRY.

In furnishing facilities for obtaining a theological education the Universalist denomination has advanced rapidly in the last ten years. Twenty years ago there were but few schools connected in any way with the denomination and these not of the highest order. Now, there are already firmly established and well endowed, Tufts College, Somerville, Mass., St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., and Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill. Our Theological Seminary at Canton is indeed one of the best schools of its kind in America. No such institutions were in existence when the subject of this Memoir cast about for some means whereby he might become fitted for the Christian ministry. Young men were not then, as now, invited to a large and commodious building, to associate with eminent professors, with their expenses paid, and the free use of a valuable library as an inducement for them to enter the Universalist ministry. Neither had they the prospect of good places, and permanent settlements, and large salaries; nor had the denomination acquired the standing in society, which it now occupies.

It required more devotion, more consecration, more zeal, and a greater self-sacrifice to decide to enter the Universalist ministry thirty years ago than now. The prospects were not so flattering,

and the work more difficult. Seth Barnes realized the difficulties, yet felt that he was called to the work. No dread of earthly loss could weigh for a moment against his convictions of duty. He felt that he must go to the work but poorly prepared, and sometimes doubted whether he could endure what ministers of that time were called to endure; but he entered the ministry resolved to go so far as he should find himself able, and with such preparation as he could make. "I thought" he said in later life, referring to that time, "that I could bear the burden for a season, if not the whole way."

He studied for the ministry with Rev. Jacob Chase, of Geneva, N. Y. He pursued no regular theological course, as that term is understood now. He was an insatiate reader at that period of his life, and obtained much information that was valuable, but his preparation consisted of reading our somewhat scanty denominational literature, rather than any thorough discipline of his mental faculties. He preached in the surrounding country while pursuing his studies.

An incident, illustrative both of his sensitiveness and his tact, occurred at this time, which we will relate. One Sunday, while preparing for the ministry, he went sixty miles from home to fill an appointment. This was a great distance to drive, and it took two days to return. He stopped for the night at a small town, and, as he arrived quite early in the evening, he was invited to preach. He consented, and a young man was placed on horseback and sent around to notify the people. The meeting was to

be held in a school-house, the place where all denominations held their meetings, and consequently a place where all denominations attended, whoever preached.

No Universalist had ever preached in the town, and now the message went forth that a clergyman of that communion was to preach in the evening. Mr. Barnes was glad of the prospect of a full house, but as he invariably preached from a manuscript at that time, he was somewhat disturbed on being informed that the people were for the most part Methodists, and that they held reading sermons in the most supreme contempt. The friends where he stopped besought him not to read. He went to the meeting undecided; he had never made an effort to extemporize, and he feared the result. The house was packed; every seat was occupied, and the whole space was filled with seats of some kind. Some sat on chairs, and some on large blocks of wood, and some stood up. He gave out the first hymn, but was still undecided whether he would preach from his manuscript or extemporize. Suddenly the thought flashed upon his mind that as the Methodists flourished by earnestness, so would he. He reached this decision during the singing of the second hymn. He had no time, after, to collect his thoughts, and the calm judgment of riper years had not then appeared. In referring to the event afterwards, he expressed surprise that he did not think to follow the line of thought which he had written out before him in his manuscript. He could think of nothing only his determination to make a noise. He selected a text

at random, and commenced. He adhered to no one subject, but branched off, first on one thing, then on another,— sometimes saying something pertinent to the idea contained in his text, sometimes rambling away from it, and around it, but all the time gesticulating violently, and speaking at the top of his voice. "Manner and not matter, was my motto," he said. He talked for an hour. During the latter part of his discourse he realized that he was doing no credit to his profession, and tried hard to preserve some degree of continuity in thought, but to no purpose. He struck out wildly in one direction, then in another. He grew more and more embarrassed, and felt a deep sense of shame. But he persevered in his plan, since he could do nothing better, until the end.

But as soon as the benediction was pronounced, he rushed into the crowd, hoping to get out of the house, hasten to the barn where his horse was quartered, and drive all the way home that night. He failed to break away from the people who accompanied him to meeting, and his purpose to drive home was defeated. But he made all haste for the house, and when he had reached it, he made all all haste to bed, and when he arose in the morning he made all haste for home He was glad enough to escape from the village, and hoped never to visit the place again.

He was oppressed with shame, and said nothing to Mr. Chase with whom he studied. He would not have mentioned the circumstance himself for any consideration, and hoped never to hear it alluded to. About a week later, Mr. Chase happened down to the

village where the transaction occurred, and was informed for the first time that Mr. Barnes had preached there a short time before, and that his sermon had given the most unbounded satisfaction. Not only the Methodists thought it a wonderful production, but the Universalists also thought the preacher a powerful man! Mr. Chase returned, and he began to report the facts to Mr. Barnes. "Don't, I beg of you, don't say a word. I don't wish to hear," said Mr. Barnes. "But you did," insisted Mr. Chase, "you *astonished* the people. They declare that they never heard such a sermon!" Such was the result of one of his first preaching trips.

Mr. Barnes received his letter of fellowship on the 9th of May, 1838, but was not ordained to the work of the ministry until the 11th of July, 1839. He was then twenty-two years of age. He accepted a call from the Society in Salina, N. Y., which is now within the incorporated limits of the present flourishing city of Syracuse. Here he remained two years. His labor was onerous, his compensation meagre, but he worked with the zeal and fire of youth. He did a good work in the Society, and, in addition, he performed considerable missionary labor in the surrounding country. He was not then known as one of the influential clergymen of the State, but as a quiet, unpretending young man, doing a noble work in the "salt region." Indeed he made no effort to become extensively known; he rather shunned notoriety, preferring the calm quiet of his then country Society. His time had not come. And the first few years of his ministerial life were passed under disadvantages

which we need not name, but only suggest. He had two sermons every week to prepare, often three, and sometimes, for funeral occasions, four. He had not the means to purchase books; and thrown upon his own resources, animated with a great thought, he pushed on as bravely as he could.

His genius for making strong Societies was manifest in his first settlement. Without ostentation, and without noise, he brought all the people into harmony and taught them how to work together. The influences which he brought to bear were silent, but, like the deep current of a river, strong and irresistible. The Society prospered under his management. It grew rapidly and symmetrically. The purpose of this record forbids that we should dwell upon this period of his life to any considerable extent. One circumstance which gives an insight into his character, which he was accustomed to repeat in later life, we may venture to relate.

One Sabbath in Autumn he went into the country to preach. He intended to spend a month in the region round about, and had arranged his circuit. On this particular Sunday to which we allude, he stopped at the principal hotel in town, which chanced to have a Universalist proprietor. After he returned from meeting, one of the zealous believers in the doctrine of endless woe endeavored to draw him into a discussion. Mr. Barnes told him to come in the morning, and he would talk with him, but that he was too tired that night. In the morning he came. A heavy storm came on also, whereby traveling became next to impossible. They began to dis-

cuss the question at issue immediately after breakfast, in the morning, and continued the discussion until late in the evening. Soon after they began to talk, a crowd gathered around which continued to increase until the close. Among others, a genuine good-natured Dutchman appeared entirely absorbed in the debate. Late in the evening, after the crowd having dispersed, this Dutchman said to Mr. Barnes, "Young man, you are going to pass through my town, and I want you to preach there. I will arrange everything for the meeting and invite you to stop at my house. I shall pray until that time for your conversion, and, now mark me, young man, I *will* convert you. I give you my word of honor that you shall not leave my house until you are converted." Mr. Barnes, not having the fear of conversion before his eyes, and thinking that he would have an opportunity to reach some souls which he otherwise could not, very cordially accepted his invitation. They shook hands and parted.

At the appointed time Mr. Barnes called upon his strange, and strangely found, friend at his own house. He found the Dutchman expecting him, and ready to receive him. A cheerful fire blazed in the good and comfortable old fashioned fire-place. A stand occupied the centre of the room, with a large Bible open upon it. The Dutchman was alone; no member of his family appeared. He read a chapter in the Bible, asked Mr. Barnes to pray, and then offered prayer himself. After these services, a few moments were passed in conversation, when Mr. Barnes asked him if he remembered his promise to

convert him. The Dutchman tapped his snuff-box, partook of the precious powder, rose, closed the Bible, moved back the stand, took out a roll of bank bills, and, standing up with a confident air, addressed his visitor thus: "You are a poor man. You have no prospects in life. I will give you twenty dollars to confess to me that you don't believe what you preach, and here is your money." The Dutchman smiled satisfactorily while he spoke, evidently not thinking that the conversion of his subject was doubtful. Mr. Barnes waited just long enough to satisfy himself that the Dutchman was entirely in earnest, and then arose, saying as he did so, "Put up your money while I tell you what I think of you." It would be useless for us to attempt to reproduce the language used by Mr. Barnes on the occasion. It was a torrent of red hot condemnation. "What object can I have to preach a doctrine which I do not believe? A doctrine which, if preached by me, while believing in eternal suffering, will be the means of dragging my soul down to hell, and others with me? Do you think the honor of belonging to the Universalist denomination is sufficient to compensate for the agonies of hell forever? Or is the pay so abundant that I can afford to run this risk? And what kind of a religion have you got that you convert people to its blessings for twenty dollars each?" So he gave vent to his indignation in the most cutting terms, until the Dutchman was glad to bring on the good cheer, and, as soon as possible, shrink away and leave the young minister to pursue his work according to his convictions. Mr. Barnes, in riper years, when

speaking of the occurrence, would insist that had he been older, he would have taken the money before giving the Dutchman his opinion!

After a happy and successful pastorate of two years in Salina, he accepted an invitation to settle with the First Universalist Society in Perry, N. Y. This Society was then in a flourishing condition, and his efforts, persistent and well directed as they were, brought about a still greater unity and prosperity. He found this, however, one of his most troublesome and anxious fields of labor. In the language of one who knew, "he bravely sustained himself amid much virulent and unchristian persecution."

This persecution came not from within the Church, but from without. When Mr. Barnes went to Perry there was a strong Baptist Society in the town, having one of the ablest men in the State for its minister. Various occurrences, unimportant of themselves, made it appear evident that this Baptist minister intended to destroy the effect of Mr. Barnes' labors in Perry. He spoke of him contemptuously, and frowned upon him in true pharisaical style. The Presbyterian clergyman assisted in this work. Mr. Barnes, being young and inexperienced, they calculated on easily crushing him.

A young man, whose parents and relatives were Baptists, died in a few months after Mr. Barnes went to Perry, and on his death-bed requested Mr. Barnes to attend the funeral and preach the sermon. When this request became known, the Baptists, led by their minister, did all in their power to prevent it. They labored with the friends of the young man, using

arguments and entreaties; they resorted to means not creditable to any body of men, much less to members of a Church of Christ. But their arguments, and entreaties, and machinations failed. Mr. Barnes attended the funeral as requested, and preached an effective sermon.

As they failed to prevent the consummation of the dying man's wish, immediately after the funeral services, the Baptist clergyman circulated the report that Mr. Barnes had resorted to intrigue. He circulated this infamous falsehood as extensively as possible, and procured others to assist him. The report went abroad through the town and the surrounding country, that the Universalist clergyman at Perry had used unfair means to secure a chance to preach the funeral sermon of a Baptist. In answer to this, Mr. Barnes procured the affidavits of those who knew the circumstances, and published the Baptist minister as a willful falsifier. This ended that matter, except that the feeling became still more imbittered, and the fire burned briskly under the surface. The Baptist minister threatened a libel suit, but never put his threat into execution, though Mr. Barnes, in his quiet way, invited him to do it. This occurrence was the commencement of systematic persecution, carried on with relentless vigor.

Many months after this, the prominent men of the town were invited to speak in turn upon the subject of temperance. The invitations came from no religious society, but from a temperance society. It was a time when the temperance reform was fresh, and the interest deep. As the Baptist church was

the most desirable place in which to hold these lectures, and as the Baptist Society wished to keep a firm hold of the popular heart, the church was tendered and accepted. When it came Mr. Barnes' turn to speak, the church was closed against him. It was closed through the influence of the Baptist clergyman. They had, previous to this, permitted an open and avowed infidel, a lawyer, to lecture in the church; and yet on account of the religious views which Mr. Barnes entertained, he was denied the privilege of speaking in the house. On this, the lawyer came out in the public prints, with a keen article against the Baptists. He could not understand their consistency. He himself rejected the Bible, yet they allowed him to lecture in the church. Mr. Barnes accepted the Bible, but interpreted it differently from the Baptists, and they shut the church against him. He could not understand either what any man's religious opinions had to do with the temperance reform. In like manner, the editors opened upon the Baptists. They thought the proceeding unchristian and intolerant, and not at all calculated to advance the Baptist cause. The indignation waxed warm against the Baptist minister. The matter rested for a few days, when the temperance people insisted that Mr. Barnes should lecture, as others had done, in the Baptist house. They would tolerate no such intolerance. The Baptists were compelled to yield to the pressure, and Mr. Barnes went into the Baptist church and delivered his lecture to a crowded house. Soon after this, the Baptist minister left Perry. His persecutions re-acted upon himself,

while Mr. Barnes emerged from the conflict, a conqueror. Although young and advocating an unpopular religion, he so managed as to defeat his enemies and add strength to the liberal cause. In a word, he became popular.

It is not necessary, though more than a quarter of a century has passed, that we speak more in detail of this virulent abuse and opposition. The Universalists of the present day are not so far removed from all annoyances of this nature, as to need careful citations to refresh the memory. When a religion is new, bitterly opposed by all organized ecclesiastical bodies, and but poorly understood and appreciated by its own followers, it calls its ministers to much that is hard to be borne. Mr. Barnes succeeded in the difficult position in which he was placed, much better than many others, older and more experienced, have succeeded in similar circumstances. But an example or two may be in point.

One day he went to preach in a neighboring town, in a union meeting house, and did not reach the village until near church time on Sabbath morning. He found a fire but just started in the church, though it was a cold winter day. He noticed a Dr. Baker, a skeptical man, with whom he had conversed somewhat, and who professedly had no interest in the cause of Universalism, seemingly much excited, and active in getting the house in readiness for service. Mr. Barnes was curious to know what had occurred to occasion this man's interest, and why fires were not sooner kindled. In reply to inquiries, Dr. Baker said, that when the Universalists tried to get into the

church that morning, they were told that the key was lost. "I had no interest in Universalism," he continued, "but I was bound to see fair play. I knew that the key wasn't lost. I waited until people had been all over the neighborhood in search of the key, and were about to give up the meeting, when I came to a conclusion. I knew that the Orthodox people were determined to keep the Universalists out of the house, and I wasn't going to see any such foul dealing. I took my ax on my shoulder, and started, being careful to tell every one I met that I owned a share in that house, and that my property all lay in the door. I walked along, until I came close up to the church, without causing any stir, but somehow before I reached the building, the key was found!" To such miserable shifts did people resort to prevent Universalists assembling to worship God according to their belief. The house was warmed on that Sunday morning, though a little later than usual; a large congregation assembled, and Mr. Barnes preached with more than his accustomed vigor and plainness, because of this little manifestation of sectarian spite.

It can hardly be said at the present time that Universalism is flourishing in Central New York. It has prospered to some extent; there are many large and influential Societies, yet it has failed to take hold of the masses as in some other localities. There is much relentless opposition in that region even now. There are few things too dastardly for some fanatics to do, even at the present day, to block the wheels of our religion. Surely it cannot be difficult to con-

ceive that it required an unfaltering faith, and an indomitable will, to persevere in the cause in the days when Mr. Barnes worked in that part of the Lord's vineyard. Young, poor in this world's goods, with little education, ambitious, sensitive, he went through, and came off conqueror, by virtue of a firm reliance on God, and an unwavering conviction that his message was the truth of heaven. It is not clear at the present day just how far he was successful. But there is abundant evidence that he won the hearts of the people; that he was much dreaded as a teacher of the "hateful doctrine" by those not in sympathy with his views; and that he left the Societies at Salina and Perry numerically stronger and more thoroughly in earnest than when he went to them.

II.

III.

MOVES TO THE WEST.

In 1841 the tide of emigration poured over the rich fields of Ohio, across the State of Indiana, to the fertile prairies of Illinois. The journey was long, uncomfortable, and often perilous; yet the restless desire for a change, or the hope of bettering their condition, induced tens of thousands to leave the happy firesides of New England and New York, and seek homes in the great Valley of the Mississippi. Whole families often went together, driving the entire distance in a covered wagon, but oftener the young men left the scenes of their boyhood, and branched out for themselves. In this year Mr. Barnes severed his connection with the Perry Society, and joining the throng of travelers, preaching by the way when opportunity offered, finally stopped at Chicago, intending to make that town his future residence.

What induced him to leave New York, it is not difficult to conjecture. No doubt the virulent nature of the opposition, had its influence, while the contagious effect of western fever, as it was called, then prevailing, had no doubt something to do with it also. Perhaps he believed himself better fitted, both by nature and education, to cultivate a new field than an old one. But the dominant influence was a far-seeing conviction that the great West was to become peopled with an industrious and freedom loving race;

that there was soon to be a great centre of influence; and that while that mass was chaotic, was the time to penetrate it with liberal ideas in theology. He believed that his faith ought to go with that moving current. In going West, he believed he could help mould institutions and ideas, instead of being compelled to hammer away on those already moulded at the East.

No one, from the stand-point of this year of our Lord, 1867, will question the wisdom which guided Mr. Barnes. He saw, what we see clearly to-day, and what we can hardly excuse Eastern ministers of that time for not seeing, but which few of them, nevertheless, perceived. He saw that a given amount of power could accomplish double on the malleable mind of the West, that it could on the stern Calvinistic East. And, although the present favorable aspect of Liberal Christianity at the West is due to the faithful labors of early pioneers, yet it is a fact, sufficiently transparent to all who have lived in both sections, that a given amount of power can, to-day, accomplish vastly greater results for Universalism in Illinois or Minnesota than in Massachusetts or New York. The formative process is still going on here. Persons who were very strict there, are less so here. There is an atmosphere of friendliness in a new country—caused, it may be, by dependence—which is far more earnest than in an old country. People are more willing to hear. There is less bigotry, more of the free-and-easy feeling in religion, as in every thing else. There is more equality. People do not run so much in old ruts; and though clergymen came with the multitude, they were unable to hold the

masses to that rigid line of exclusiveness which had been adhered to at the East. Even the ministers themselves became imbued with a more liberal spirit. Aristocratic circles had not been formed. Those great disorganized masses of people were ready to hear. And this is all that Universalism has ever asked or needed. This hearing, Mr. Barnes saw, or thought he saw, clearly, could more easily be obtained in the West.

He went to Chicago, and commenced to labor with the Universalist Society of that, then, little town, preaching, also, in the surrounding country. No settled pastor of the Universalist faith had ever labored in Chicago. The Society was small, struggling, maintaining occasional preaching only. The people composing the Society were poor. No sum was guaranteed to Mr. Barnes in payment for his services. The organization itself was imperfect, and the whole arrangement appeared rather to be for the purpose of meeting a temporary necessity than anything of a permanent nature. Yet, that Society has continued in existence until the present day, and now owns St. Paul's Church, on Wabash Avenue, and employs Rev. W. H. Ryder, D.D., as pastor.

And Chicago! What a place to think of selecting for a residence in 1841. During the wet seasons of the year, the whole town was almost under water. In some inhabited sections the water was a foot deep. Wagons went through the streets up to wheel-hubs in mud, and oxen wallowed along as best they could. The houses were wooden shells, placed on posts set upright in the soft earth. Side-walks were

indispensable, but no more were then in existence than were absolutely necessary; and such as they had were of the rudest kind. In walking them, they would settle, sometimes throwing the rich, black, villainous compound, known as Illinois mud, high up over one's clothing, sometimes letting one into the water ankle-deep. In that bog had congregated a few thousand souls, from all European nations, and from every State in the American Union. That was Chicago twenty-five years ago.

In his "Atlantic Monthly" article, James Parton says that "Chicago, for fifteen years after it began its rapid increase, was, perhaps, of all prairie towns, the most repulsive to every human sense. A gentleman who arrived at Chicago, from the South, in 1833, reports that he waded the last eight miles of his journey in water from one to three feet deep—a sheet of water extending as far as the eye could reach, over what is now the fashionable quarter of Chicago and its most elegant suburbs. Another traveler records that in 1831, in riding about what is now the very centre and heart of the business portion of the city, he often felt the water swashing through his stirrups." To that low, unforbidding town, went Mr. Barnes, as a centre from which to preach Universalism.

And the good judgment of Mr. Barnes is hardly more apparent in selecting the West as a field of labor than in selecting Chicago as the centre of that field. It is sufficiently apparent, now, that Chicago is the principal city of the Northwest; but it was by no means so apparent twenty-five years ago. A very

large majority, at that time, pushed on to other towns, not listening for a moment to the suggestion that that "mud-hole," as they called it, was to be the metropolis. Mr. Barnes saw with keener vision. He understood, although a clergyman, that a bottom could be found to that bog, that pavements could be put down, and increasing wealth create increased facilities in all departments. His selection of Chicago, was not the only instance where this shrewdness was exercised.

Had he been encumbered with a family, he would have found serious difficulty in maintaining himself by his profession; but, being a single man, of economical habits, he had no difficulty. Generally, he found the people glad to hear his message, and willing to give what they were able; but there were few villages, the roads were intolerable, and the difficulties to be surmounted were indeed formidable. He found one settlement, rather, he found one man, who seemed to be animated with the old spirit which he had encountered in New York. The conduct of this man certainly does not weigh against the statement which we have made as to the feeling in the West compared with the East. Individual exceptions to that rule exist, and even whole communities, in some cases, form exceptions. The rule, nevertheless, is as stated.

Through the kindness of an old acquaintance, Mr. Barnes was invited to preach in McHenry, once in two weeks, soon after he reached Chicago. It was, at any rate, during his first winter in the West. It was agreed that this friend should come in on Satur-

day, and take him to McHenry on Saturday night, preparatory to preaching on the Sabbath.

Saturday night came to Mr. Barnes, and found him in Chicago, expecting every moment to receive the promised call from the man in McHenry. No one came, and he went to church on the following day and listened, instead of preaching as usual. He waited two weeks, until the time came for him to meet another appointment in McHenry, wondering, all the time, why he was not sent for on that occasion, but hearing nothing in explanation. The reason why he was not called for was this: The man who engaged him, finding, when Saturday came, that one of his neighbors was going to Chicago that day, and not wishing to go himself, asked the neighbor if he would have the kindness to call and get Mr. Barnes. "Oh! yes, gladly," he replied; "I shall have no load back, and can bring him as well as not." The man, as it proved, was better to promise than to perform. He returned from Chicago on Saturday night, and reported that he had called at the place where Mr. Barnes boarded, but that Mr. Barnes was so drunk that he was unable to ride. This astonishing report was circulated in McHenry and vicinity industriously during the two weeks following. The man who originated it was fanatical on the subject of religion, and, what was worse, very base in his fanaticism. He deliberately pursued this course to kill Universalism in McHenry, having never called at Mr. Barnes' boarding-place.

The man who engaged him to preach was somewhat troubled, but wisely concluded, when the time

came around for his next appointment, to go for him himself. He had so much faith in Mr. Barnes, that he gave notice, as extensively as possible, that he would certainly preach at his next appointment. He then went and brought him to McHenry. Sunday morning came again. By some means, the traducer was induced to be at the school-house, where the meeting was to be held. After service, Mr. Barnes called him out before the whole congregation, in the street, and never let him alone until he confessed that he had not called on that Saturday night, as he reported. The parties offended were well furnished with proof, and the poor villain had no resource but to confess himself a liar and a slanderer before the whole multitude. This circumstance, like many similar ones in the history of the world, added strength to a cause which it was designed to destroy. Universalism became popular, Mr. Barnes had full houses, and all people, not unreservedly committed to other churches, became active sympathizers with the Universalists.

Mr. Barnes had hardly become established in Chicago, indeed, we cannot properly say that before his marriage he became established there at all; but he had hardly chosen that point as a centre from which to work, and taken a superficial glance at the situation, before becoming convinced that a weekly religious newspaper would prove a most efficient agent in moulding public opinion. His prescience is eminently distinguishable in this movement, also. He saw that the field differed, in several important particulars, from the State of New York.

There one could find small villages, in all sections, accessible to those living in the country. There were meeting-houses, or, at least, good school-houses, in every village where meetings could be held. There the people had an abundance of papers to read within a few days after their publication. Here, on the contrary, villages were found only at long intervals. They were not so situated as to accommodate all the people living in the country, or any considerable portion of them. The roads were bad —at some seasons, almost impassable. No meeting-houses had been built in our order, and there were but few school-houses. It required two weeks to communicate with the city of New York, and therefore local papers were in great demand. Perceiving, as he thought, great need of a Universalist weekly paper to educate the Western mind, he began to revolve the question as to the means of starting and sustaining one. He foresaw that somebody must suffer in establishing the enterprise, as letters extant clearly demonstrate. He was not unmindful of the sacrifices required. He understood thoroughly that few men could be found sufficiently devoted to Universalism to run the pecuniary risk or perform the necessary labor. And yet, as early as October, 1841, he had determined that a paper should be issued.

It is difficult to determine, precisely, how much credit belongs to Mr. Barnes in the conception of this enterprise. No doubt other clergymen saw the necessity, and labored for the same result. It is not our purpose, knowingly, to attribute more forecast and devotion to him than he deserves. But it is

evident, at the least, that he was one of the leaders in planning, and the efficient agent in execution. It can hardly be unjust to any of his co-laborers to say that he was foremost in the work, and that to him, more than to any other one man, belongs the honor of the deed.

IV.

PUBLISHES "THE BETTER COVENANT."

Having determined that a Universalist paper was a necessity of the West, then came other questions involving practical results. It was important that a place should be selected where the expense might be reduced to the lowest figure. It was important that those publishing the paper should have a deep interest in its welfare, and be willing to sacrifice time and money for the sake of the good cause.

The preliminary arrangements, discussions, and negotiations occupied considerable time. About two months in the autumn of 1841 were spent in this way. It was at length decided that the publication should issue from Rockford, Illinois, and that Rev. Wm. Rounseville should be associated with Mr. Barnes in the editorial department. I have before me while I write, a copy of the first number of the paper issued. It is dated "Rockford, Illinois, January 6. 1842." The motto selected, reads as follows: "Have respect unto the covenant for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." On the first page there is an original story, by Miss E. Rounseville, which covers also the second page, and part of the third. On the third page is a letter having the familiar initials "G. W. L." which we often see in the "New Covenant" and Star in the West" at the present day, and which are understood to signify

Rev. G. W. Lawrence. The letter has reference to the great need of such a paper as the editors propose to publish, and the writer expresses the hope and belief that such a paper will be sustained. On the fourth page the editorial columns commence. I copy sufficient to give an idea of the paper, believing that it will have a constantly accelerating interest in the Great West. The first article is as follows:

OUR PAPER.

"The publishers of the "Better Covenant," believe "that no apology or excuse is necessary for adding "one more to the number of these publications, "which advocate the final triumph of the kingdom of "the Redeemer, and the entire prostration of all that "opposes human holiness and happiness.

"The great and increasing interest which is mani- "fested in this part of the great valley upon the subject "of religion—the desire which exists for more re- "ligious light and knowledge, and the strong and de- "termined opposition which the Gospel of Salvation "meets with at the hands of its enemies, demand a "publication in which this interest may be cultivated, "and strengthened—this desire in some measure grati- "fied and the arguments of the opposition met, and "fairly answered.

"Every one who is acquainted with the present pos- "ture of affairs in the far West, will readily concede "that much permanent good may be done by the cir- "culation of a publication devoted to the cause of "moral and spiritual improvement, by means of the "pure principles of the Gospel of Christ. In this "part of the heritage of the Redeemer, the doctrine

"of unutterable and ceaseless woe, has been taught "since its earliest settlement by the Eastern emi- "grant. It has been deluged by tracts and mission- "aries, who, claiming to be disciples of him who went "about doing good, have not scrupled to drug the cup "of the Gospel with the root of bitterness. Wrath— "vengeance—eternity—have been their watch-words, "and the fear which hath torment, their engine in "the work of spiritual conversion. Very few are "those who have opposed the tide of death, and be- "come public defenders of the more excellent way.

"Yet even here, has God reserved unto himself a "few names, who have not bowed the knee to the "image of Baal. Scattered over the length and "breadth of our State, we find numerous believers in "the Gospel which was preached to Abraham, good "men and true, who can never be entangled by the "yoke of bondage.

"To meet as far as possible the wants of our "brethren and friends in the 'Far West,' we send "forth our humble sheet, praying that God may "bless its influence, in the inculcation of benevolence "in thought, in feeling, in action, that it may be the "means of diffusing a knowledge of our Heavenly "Father, and inducing his children to obey the re- "quirements of his law. WM. ROUNSEVILLE.

SETH BARNES."

There is also an article on this page of the paper, bearing the initials "A. C. B." which may be written out more fully, Rev. A. C. Barry, now of Racine, Wisconsin. I notice in this volume of the "Better Covenant," that Wisconsin is referred to as "W. T.," re-

minding us how recently that now great and populous State was Wisconsin Territory. The following article from the pen of Mr. Barnes, will be interesting. It is the second editorial of the first number.

"INTRODUCTION.

"To The Patrons and Readers of the Better "Covenant.

"Brethren and Friends.—In entering upon the "labors of a publisher, and editor, it will doubtless "be expected that I lay before my readers, some of "the reasons which induce me to embark in this en- "terprise, and mark out the course I intend to pur- "sue.

"One year's residence in this country, and the infor- "mation which I have been able to obtain during "that period, of the state of our cause, has produced "the firm conviction in my mind that there is no one "thing so much needed, and that will render so much "aid in the advancement of the doctrine of the 'resti- "tution of all things which God hath spoken by the "mouth of all his holy prophets, since the world "began,' as a paper devoted to its interests, and pub- "lished in this country. This is not only *my* opin- "ion, but the opinion of *all* who feel a lively interest "in our cause, with whom I have conversed, and "from whom I have heard.

"As yet, there are but few public Heralds of the Great "Salvation in this portion of our Lord's heritage, "and these few are located at considerable distance "one from the other, so that it is impossible for us

"to supply many—*a great many* places with preach-
"ing where we have some zealous believers, and
"where the Word would be received with gladness.
"In most of these places (which are no small num-
"ber) we have no means of learning what number of
"believers are scattered about in the country—what
"strength we have, or what our prospects are. This
"information which is not only desirable, but im-
"portant, it is believed, to a considerable extent, will
"be obtained by the medium of a paper, which will
"bear the glad tidings of the Gospel to those places,
"which the preachers in consequence of their other
"engagements are not able to visit. Our publica-
"tions are often powerful and successful preachers in
"arresting error—opening the eyes of the under-
"standing to the absurdities and inconsistencies of
"man-made creeds; and in inducting our fellow crea-
"tures into the glorious 'light and liberty of the
"children of God.'

"But there is a consideration here which perhaps
"some of our brethren who are devotedly engaged
"in the promulgation of the Gospel, may think that
"we have overlooked. It is this: We have a large
"number of papers published by the denomination
"now, all of which are worthy of a good support.
"Many of them have, and are now even, struggling
"hard for the want of a better patronage; and it is only
"by the undying love of the publishers for that best
"of causes to which they are devoted, and a thorough
"perseverance, that they have been sustained—and
"will not the establishment of another paper, (even
"though it be in the 'Far West') encroach upon the

"circulation of those previously established, and "counteract the good we hope to accomplish by this? "The publishers of the "Better Covenant" have duly "considered these things, and believe that this pa- "per will not intrude upon the circulation of other "papers in the denomination. There are many East- "ern papers taken in this country, but no one paper "has a general circulation. There may be some discon- "tinuances of other papers for this, but generally "those who now take Eastern papers will probably "continue them.

"We believe there are sufficient number of be- "lievers, and of those friendly to Universalism, scat- "tered abroad over this 'Western world' who are "able and willing to support a paper, which the pres- "ent condition of our denomination requires.

"Our blessed faith is onward, enlisting the atten- "tion of multitudes, and daily increasing in numbers; "and the demand is great for a medium of communi- "cation that will convey intelligence of the public "meetings of our denomination in the West, to all "places where we have brethren and friends. These "are some of the considerations which influenced us "in starting another paper.

"As one of the conductors of the "Better Cove- "nant," I shall do all I can to make the paper such "as will meet the wants of the denomination—strive "to inculcate the pure doctrine of Jesus our great "Master, and promote that faith which gives peace "and joy to the afflicted children of humanity, by "teaching them that they have a Father above who "loves and cares for them—a Redeemer from all

"the contaminations of earth in Christ the son of "God; and a home in heaven, where there is no more "sorrow and sighing.

"And when duty to my Master's cause requires "me to speak against 'spiritual wickedness in high "places' I shall do it plainly and fearlessly—rebuke "and expose error, but seek to do all in the spirit of "Him who instructs us to forgive our enemies; and "have love, one towards another. S. B."

Mr. Barnes in an article following this, advertises his readers that the weather has been inclement, and the traveling bad, since issuing the prospectus, and therefore many places which he intended to visit, have not been canvassed; and that he commences with a list of subscribers "not large." Nevertheless he expresses the belief that his enterprise will be sustained, judging from the interest manifested, and the words of encouragement spoken.

He beseeches the brethren, not to let the issue disappoint his hopes.

On the fifth page Mr. Barnes has an article on the New Year. He speaks first of the changes that time is constantly bringing; some realize their fondest dreams, some fail, the "monarch of the tomb" is always busy, taking all ages and ranks, while others are spared and find a good degree of earthly prosperity. Let us ask ourselves whether we have made a good use of the time; whether we have proved ourselves the friends of good order; whether we have contributed to the advancement of truth, and whether we have done anything to stay the poisonous tide of iniquity. He tells the brethren in the "Abrahamic

faith" that there was never a more important time for them. He advises his readers to look about them and see how many profess the gospel of glad tidings, and how many not professing, are willing to hear. Finally he counsels them to show forth their faith by their works.

On the sixth page there are various brief editorials, and one of considerable length, by Mr. Barnes, entitled "Universalism not Infidelity." In this article he asks his religious opposers, if they mean to teach that Universalists do not believe in the Bible; or if they mean to teach that they do not believe in the "immortal resurrection of the dead." If so, they must design to misrepresent, or be ignorant of the belief of Universalists; in either case he says there is no excuse for their conduct, inasmuch as there are plenty of denominational publications which they can obtain. No religious people in the world, he assures them, prize the Bible more highly than Universalists, or believe more implicitly in a resurrection both of the just and unjust. He acknowledges that we give a different interpretation from that commonly received, but denies that this furnishes cause for such grave charges.

"A. C. B.," contributes an article on the seventh page, entitled "The Old Year." An idea of the difficulty of holding meetings, even in the larger towns, may be gathered from a notice which appears also on the seventh page among other notices, headed, "Meetings in Rockford."

"Our meetings for two or three months past "have been so irregular that many of the friends

"have been absent when we had meetings, not get-
"ting the notice. In future we expect they will be
"more regular. I shall preach in Rockford one
"week from next Sunday, (the third Sunday in the
"month) the first Sunday on my engagement for the
"present year. Will our brethren be particular to
"attend on that day? S. Barnes."

On the eighth page there is an original poem, marriage and death notices, a list of agents, and a prospectus of the paper with terms. I have been thus minute in noticing this number, because it being the first paper advocating liberal views in religion, published in the Great Northwest, it has an interest in all our borders.

The first volume possesses great merit in many respects. It lacks, I think, the vigor of some of its Eastern contemporaries, but it breathes a Christian spirit, not excelled by any. Many of its articles have great literary merit, and there is no lack of clearness, and keenness in the editorial department. Upon the whole, the paper was a credit to the denomination, and a signal manifestation of Western enterprise. That so good a paper could then have been sustained, considering that we have now only that one enlarged, seems incredible. And that many difficulties were encountered, is evident from the editorial which closes the volume. Mr. Barnes says in this editorial "The year that is past, has been one of "much anxiety to the publishers. The scarcity of "money, and difficulty of obtaining it, has prevented "many from doing what they would have done for "the paper under other circumstances. And the

"times led many warm friends of our cause to doubt "the ability to sustain the 'Covenant,' even for one "year. But notwithstanding the wheels have rolled "heavily some of the time, we have reached the end "of the volume. Owing to the small number of sub- "scribers with which we commenced, and the multi- "plied disadvantages under which we have labored "during the whole year, we have not been able "to send forth such a sheet at all times, as we wished "to do. Absence of both the editors some of the "time to attend our public meetings, and other oc- "casions of equal importance, is our apology for many "typographical errors which have appeared. And "we have been compelled to use for a few numbers, a "miserable quality of paper, which was in conse- "quence of the individual with whom we contracted "our year's supply disappointing us in the quality, "so that we had to look elsewhere, and do the best "we could." He closes the article by announcing that the second volume will be enlarged and improved.

Mr. Barnes is very modest in stating the obstacles with which the editors contended. The money difficulty was a serious one. It was not unfrequently the case at that time that not a pound of butter was to be obtained in Rockford. There was plenty of bread and meat, but little money, and no luxuries. Over those interminable Illinois roads went the editors night and day, in all weathers, and at all seasons, preaching the gospel of the kingdom and soliciting subscribers for the "Better Covenant." I would not forget here, that at seasons, traveling was delight-

ful, to an Eastern man it was inexpressibly delicious. I refer to the seasons when the roads were dry, when the atmosphere was balmy, and when those grand limitless prairies were covered with luxuriant grass, sown thick with flowers. Seasons of intense enjoyment came to these itinerant ministers. Were I to say less than this I should be false to beautiful Illinois, when favorably seen, a quarter of a century in the past. Nevertheless, the roads were frequently almost impassable, the storms were violent, often cold, and the wind was dreary enough, as it swept off the lakes, down over the level expanse of prairie. The paper failed to pay expenses the first year, in spite of rigid economy and great exertions.

During the autumn of 1842 the publication office was moved from Rockford, to St. Charles. During this year also, Mr. Barnes was married, in Rockford, all notice of which we leave for the present, promising to treat his wedded life in a seperate chapter. Only a few numbers were issued in St. Charles, when the office was removed to Chicago. Perhaps we should not apply the word tact to Mr. Barnes' management of his paper. He abounded in common sense. He established his claim to stand at the head of the ministry in the West. He never seemed to comprehend the virtue of any other means for increasing his circulation than plain straightforward statements, made in the utmost candor, and without the slightest attempt at exaggeration in any respect. The calm even temper and honesty of Mr. Barnes were clearly seen in every issue. The atmosphere of the paper was peculiarly Christian and holy. Its

effect upon the cause was visible in an increased earnestness, in numerous conversions, and in a more thorough unity of the forces of the denomination.

V.

AT CHICAGO.

While publishing his paper in Rockford, and St. Charles, Mr. Barnes had really no home. He was a moving body, driving hither and thither without even an orbit, but shooting comet-like athwart—not the heavens but the earth. To speak of him having a home is to ridicule the idea or travesty a description of even a Western home. Home was where night overtook him. He had a boarding place, and a reasonably constant one—and one which had all the home elements to perfection in its composition, but he was there only at intervals. His home was the Universalist element in the great and growing West.

Early in 1843 he moved to Chicago, I can hardly say for the second time, because, although he had made that city his headquarters during the first months of his residence in Illinois, he could hardly have been said to have moved there, inasmuch as he only transported himself. Now he went to Chicago to establish himself in a permanent business. This time he transported not only himself, but his wife, and his printing press. Having been tossed about in the ministry for seven years, with various fortune, he now hoped to find a permanent home, where in time he would reap the reward of early enterprise, and unceasing industry. He boarded for a couple of months, until his arrangements for housekeeping

were perfected, and then moved into his own house. I do not mean that he owned the building into which he moved, but he hired it, and could therefore call it his home.

Very curious would be the picture of that home if I were able to draw it. It was a cheap wooden structure, set on posts in the midst of that slovenly city, and served both as a printing office and a dwelling house. The office occupied the front rooms, and the family lived in somewhat contracted apartments in the rear. Not a carpet of any kind was taken into the house. The only table was a plain walnut one, now kept as a relic by a member of the family. The house was furnished throughout in proportion to the carpet, (want of carpet) and the table. And every hour was crowded with work, both to Mr. Barnes and his wife. The help employed in the office boarded with the family. In this manner for nearly three years, with but little change for the better, did the good people toil on, for the sake of that Universalism which is now so prosperous; for whether speaking comparatively or not, it is now prosperous in the Northern States of this Union.

There is to day in the great and populous city of Chicago, a centre of influence to the denomination in the West. There is the head and front of the Western movement. There may be found the executive power of the Northwestern Conference. There, write ministers seeking a Western field of labor. There, go our ministers from all parts of the great valley for advice and consultation. There, may be found two of our wealthiest parishes. In the hospitable home of

the present editor of the "New Covenant," all our ministers find a cordial welcome; and on a smaller scale, what Chicago now is in this respect, Mr. Barnes made it during his three years residence twenty-five years ago. And what he made it, it has continued to be. To his office there came ministers from the East, and there congregated all Western clergyman of the order from time to time. The sainted Bailey, long since gone home to the better land, and Rev. G. W. Lawrence, so well and favorably known in our denomination, studied there with the editor for the Christian ministry. Often came Br. Briggs from Peoria, Br. Dean from Joliet, and Br. Rounseville from St. Charles, to meet and confer with Brs. Barnes and Manley. And I may mention, as something that sounds a little apocryphal now, that all these ministers save Dean were enthusiastic Democrats in politics; and he used jocularly to say that he dare not eat anything which his wife cooked, for several days before election, lest he should be poisoned, she was so intense in her partisan feeling. And here in their humble home, working constantly, and many times not knowing one day where food for the next was to be obtained, they lived as happily as ever after on earth, and consolidated the forces which now operate with so much power. It was a kind Providence which led Mr. Barnes into Chicago at that early day, when a comprehensive and organizing mind was so essential.

During his residence of three years, he thoroughly canvassed all the region round about, preaching when opportunity offered, and looking after the in-

terest of his paper. Instead of having comfortable sleeping cars for night travel, and luxurious coaches for day, he had only the lumbering old stages, or a borrowed buggy, or a saddle. And his compensation for preaching, instead of being certain was problematical, often receiving only naked thanks. And instead of comfortable churches, he preached sometimes in log school-houses, sometimes in log cabins, sometimes in barns, and very often in the open air. The facilities for sending notices were not then what they are now, and sometimes when he reached a place expecting to find everything understood and in readiness, he found that the people had received no intimation of his coming. Yet in the face of these many obstacles he thoroughly canvassed all Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin. During this time he preached several times in Galena, where there were many warm friends, and established a Society which he hoped would be permanent. He hoped to induce Rev. W. E. Manley to settle there, but after a brief trial that brother preferred to reside in Chicago, and hence the Galena Society ceased after a time to be active. There seems to have been the same deficiency in ministers then as now. A very large number of societies were suffered to fall away, for want of consecrated and efficient pastors.

During this season of editorial life, Mr. Barnes practiced extemporaneous preaching to a considerable extent, finding it better adapted to barns, log school-houses, and kitchens. He had previously preached from a manuscript all his life, with one notable exception with which the reader is acquainted.

He did not always find the change agreeable or easy. Early training might have made him an effective off-hand speaker, but seven year habits are not easily mended. One beautiful Sunday he was preaching to a large audience in Pecatonica, in Illinois, and feeling animated, he determined to try extemporaneous preaching on a somewhat larger scale than usual. He gave out his text, and went on satisfactorily for about ten minutes, when Judge Noggle, who relates the occurrence, saw that he was becoming confused. The large audience, the uncommon amount of intelligence represented, and the importance of the meeting, all tended to increase his confusion. He plunged around for five minutes, duriug which time the Judge, his intimate friend endeavored to give him a sign of encouragement, and then came flat down. "Brethren," said he candidly, "I have got lost. I don't know where I am. It is no use for me to try to finish the sermon in the way I begun. But if you will have patience, I will give it to you from a manuscript." He then very deliberately took a written sermon from his pocket, and finished his discourse.

In his business he felt the want of money exceedingly, though produce was abundant. Farmers drew wheat fifty or a hundred miles over the prairies, and sold it in the Chicago market for fifty cents a bushel. Ten cents would buy a bushel of corn. Loads of peaches came all the way from Southern Illinois, and were tipped into Lake Michigan, because there were no buyers. And yet notwithstanding this abundance,

there were some articles which we class among the necessaries, not to be obtained for any sum.

Mr. Barnes preached the first Universalist sermon ever delivered in Milwaukee, and Racine, and Kenosha, and many other points since grown to large towns. In view of the present condition of the Church in Milwaukee, and the importance of the city, a sketch of his early labors there will be read with interest.

He arrived in Milwaukee one Saturday, prospecting, as miners would say. He had no acquaintance in the city. Whether there was any prospect of establishing a Society, he did not know. There was one man living in Milwaukee at the time, who was a subscriber to the "Better Covenant," and who was known in the surrounding country as a staunch Universalist. Moreover he was a man of wealth, talent, culture, and influence. I need not say to the residents of Milwaukee that this was Mr. Shepherd. Br. Barnes sought him out, and began to institute inquiries. He assured Mr. Shepherd that he had come to spend the Sabbath, and that if thought advisable, he should preach several week-day evenings afterwards.

"Can you preach this evening?" asked Mr. Shepherd.

"I was not expecting to do so, and no notice has been given, but if the friends desire it, I will preach this evening. Why do you ask?"

"Very well," replied Mr. Shepherd evasively, "I will notify as many as possible. It will be a good time to begin."

It happened that Mr. Shepherd himself owned a commodious hall in a convenient part of the city. Notice was given, for the first time in that charming city, that a Universalist minister would hold forth Saturday evening at a certain hall. There was a good audience, and the meeting was successful in its objects. What these objects were, aside from what appeared upon the face, was related to Mr. Barnes by Mr. Shepherd, some days later. The principal object Mr. Shepherd declared to be this: to ascertain whether "Elder Barnes" could preach. If he could not, then Mr. Shepherd had resolved that he should not have his hall for the following Sunday, neither would he give notice, or have anything to do with the movement. The sermon, that Saturday evening convinced Mr. Shepherd that the Editor of the "Better Covenant" could preach as well as write. Perhaps the circumstance commends Mr. Shepherd's sagacity, rather than his devotion.

The next day the hall was well filled with attentive hearers, and a very hearty, and unusual interest seemed to pervade the community. The people all appeared to be anxious to hear more. Notice was accordingly given that there would be preaching on every evening during the week, and on the following Sunday. Nothing less than this would satisfy the eager demand to hear the blessed gospel of unlimited grace. It so happened that the entire week was pleasant, and the congregations increased nightly, until the hall was hardly capacious enough to contain the numbers. When Sunday came, every available seat was occupied, and the interest, instead of aba-

ting, continued to increase. The hunger of the people was not yet satisfied, and in answer to urgent requests, Mr. Barnes consented to remain a week longer, preaching every evening as before, and on the Sabbath. The labor was exhaustive for one man, but he bore it, and enjoyed it. When he had finished the second week, they called imperatively for the third, and so every evening for three weeks, in addition to two sermons on Sundays, did the good man labor and pray with the citizens of Milwaukee. During the time an organization was effected, and measures taken which resulted in a short time in the erection of a neat little church. Mr. Barnes often alluded to this protracted meeting in Milwaukee, as one of the most pleasant that he ever enjoyed. He continued to go up and preach as often as he conveniently could, while they were building the church, and after they had completed it. He endeavored to induce Mr. Dean to leave Joliet, and go there and build them up, but for some reason he failed. Mr. Dean declined to go. Later, Br. Le Fevre went, but the auspicious moment had gone by. Oh! how many societies we have lost, because we had not sufficient ministers to cultivate, where pioneers have plowed and sown. The little church became valuable as business property—standing near where the Newhall House now stands—and was at last sold, and the Society dispersed. It has recently been revived, and is now ministered to by Rev. Sumner Ellis.

There was, when Mr. Barnes went to Milwaukee, a Unitarian Society, employing a clergyman, whose name I do not now recollect. This Unitarian clergy-

man wrote to a Boston paper, what Mr. Barnes had done in Milwaukee, and remarked that his movement had deprived the Unitarian Society of some of its members, but that the Society had gained in another respect, an equivalent for its loss of numbers. It had gained, he said, largely, by now being released of the odium of having any connection or sympathy with the Universalists. To this offensive and unchristian, not to say ungentlemanly letter, Mr. Barnes replied in sharp terms, as the production deserved. Several severe things were said on both sides, and soon after the Unitarian clergyman quietly left Milwaukee, and his place was supplied by a more liberal man. This forms about the only unpleasant episode, so far as ministerial connections were concerned, which occurred during the editorial life of Mr. Barnes. And this shows how rapidly the two great liberal denominations are advancing toward a thorough practical unity. I do not make this reference to the conduct of the Milwaukee clergyman, to insinuate that the Unitarian denomination has now or had then any sympathy with the position taken, as a whole. I recognize the fact, very gladly, that the Unitarians are a noble body of men, the peers in liberal thought of the Universalists. I hail every indication of a better feeling between the two denominations with joy. I trust soon to see a thorough union for work if not for worship.

The imperative necessity which exists, that this work be compressed into a small compass, forbids the notice of many interesting occurrences of this time. The zeal, the consecration, the suffering, the

shifts to possibly get along, the poverty, the fears relieved often by bright hopes, plenty, and a happy gathering of ministers; by joy running over in his home, by sympathy manifested in various ways; all this life illustrated by more full details would be of interest. And yet the reader will readily supply these.

Mr. Barnes was the first organizer of Universalism in the West. To him, more than to any other one man, our present prosperity is due. His paper increased in size, in ability, and in its subscription list, until it began to pay handsomely, and Mr. Barnes began to indulge the hope that he had really found a post of honor and influence, by which to live, and at which to die.

Alas for his hopes! Just as he began to make money; just as he began to feel that he was master ter of the situation, he was attacked with a violent disease of the eyes, which compelled him to retire from the paper and the ministry, to subsist himself and family by some other calling, of which from the nature of the case, he could know but little. This was his first great misfortune.

VI.

AT JEFFERSON.

One day in June, after Mr. Barnes had been on a tour into the surrounding country, his watchful wife noticed a red spot on his eye. It was small, too insignificant to occasion the slightest alarm. It was free from pain, and caused no inconvenience. A week later it had become larger, and Mrs. Barnes spoke of it to her husband in a manner which indicated increased solicitude. It now began to form the subject not only of allusions, but of serious consultations. It began to be painful and to damage his sight. Very soon it assumed such proportions as to destroy the sight altogether, while it became also more painful, and the occasion of considerable alarm. It increased until September.

Thus, for three long Summer months he was shut out from the sunlight, shut away from books, from his paper, and from his people. He entered a dark room in June, not to emerge until October. He sold his interest in the "Better Covenant" under the impression given by his physician, that he would be unable to read any more for at least three years.

This was a hard blow to the hopes of Mr. Barnes. During the Summer, while he was confined to the dark room, he was never known to complain but once, and then he uttered a sigh of regret, rather than a complaint. There was one day a commotion in

the street—some pageant was passing—the music greeted his ear, and he felt a longing to see the world again. He asked his wife to part the curtains and let him look out, though he should see but dimly. She parted them and he went to the window and tried to look into the street. Alas! he could see nothing. His effort only made his blindness the more apparent. He sank back, saying sadly, "O, I shall never see again, never, never!" This was the nearest a complaint of any words that fell from his lips.

It was a sad day for Mr. Barnes, when he left Chicago, his paper of which he thought so much, and all the tender associations of his first home, and the ministry toward which his heart yearned so fondly, and went out into the lead mining region to procure a livelihood by some other means. His heart was very heavy. He knew not how to accumulate money in the common channels of trade or industry. Yet now he went afflicted with his disease, barely able to see his way to walk, but not able to read, to contend in the rough marts of Western deal, for a living. He went to the lead mining region in the vicinity of Galena, because his wife's relatives were there.

He spent the first Winter at Vinegar Hill. He surrendered his letter of fellowship before he went. Here he lived in the most humble manner, among a people unique and rude. They were miners, and had the characteristics and peculiarities of miners. They were kind hearted, but uncouth, uncultivated, and never for any provocation went to church. The stores were all open on Sunday, and more trading done

then than on any other day of the week. All kinds of sports flourished upon Sunday, gaming, driving, hunting, and the like. The community was hardly congenial to the cultivated nature, and religious instincts of Mr. Barnes, yet he found a reasonable degree of enjoyment, and made a visible effect upon the rough characters with whom he came in contact.

In the Spring he moved to Hazel Green, a little town among the hills, in the same region, only about nine miles from Galena. Here he resided for three years, subsisting his family on the profits of a small drug store. His eyes continued to improve, and during the latter part of his residence here, he preached in Galena. He also preached occasionally in Hazel Green.

As soon as he began to feel able to work in the ministry his heart turned to Chicago and the "Better Covenant." He went there to repurchase the paper. One friend to whom he always went for money, very dear to Mr. Barnes, and faithful at all times, was Mr. Gale. To him Mr. Barnes went for consultation, but after examining into the condition of the "Better Covenant," he decided to abandon the idea of purchasing, and reluctantly returned to Hazel Green, fully resolved to settle with some Society, or if not, to settle with some one Society, then to form a circuit and preach statedly and constantly.

With this end in view he started towards Janesville, visiting the Rock river country, Kenosha, Racine, Milwaukee, and numerous other towns along the route. John E. Holmes, formerly a Universalist minister, but at this time a lawyer residing in the

town of Jefferson, a devoted Universalist, and a true man, induced Mr. Barnes to accept an invitation from the Society in Jefferson.

Mr. Barnes moved there in early Spring. He had saved sufficient means to purchase two lots for a house. These lots were then in the suburbs, and covered with a rank growth of wheat. He purchased these lots, and with his usual careful provision for a home, let the contract for building a house—a contract which was finally, after much annoyance to Mr. Barnes, fulfilled late in the following Autumn.

Mrs. Barnes did not accompany her husband to Jefferson, but followed some weeks later. Her brother carried her from Hazel Green to Beloit, and from there, Rev. G. W. Lawrence helped her to Jefferson, which forcibly suggests the difficulty of traveling then, as compared with the present. When Mrs. Barnes arrived in sight of the village of Jefferson, which was to be her home for six years, she said to her companion: "That large elm is enough to win my heart to Jefferson," pointing at the same time to a huge tree, which stood in solitary majesty just outside the skirts of the town. The country around was undulating. The heavy forest had been cleared off a sufficient length of time to give the place that smooth, hilly, ancient and eastern appearance so much admired in the vicinity of the prairies of the West. Two beautiful streams of water flowed through the town, forming a junction a little below. On the margins of both streams grew tall and stately elms. Wide intervals or meadows of rich soil spread out in either direction from the current. It was a

scene to remind one of the sweet serenity of Hawthorne. At the present time we have a flourishing institution located in the town, and the Chicago and North Western Railroad robs it of some of its old time pastoral charms.

Late in Autumn the workmen had completed one room in the house which Mr. Barnes had contracted to have built, and they moved in and occupied it. In this humble manner they began house keeping again, ten years after Mr. Barnes entered the ministry. At first they had only the one table which they carried from Chicago. They had only one bed, and this they managed to swing up by the wall of the kitchen to give more room by day. This one room served for kitchen, pantry, sleeping room, parlor, and study. Yet they were very happy in this little house with its one little room. When company called to stop over night, they made another bed on the floor, drew a curtain between them, and so lay and chatted during the evening hours in darkness.

One very strong attachment, formed soon after they went to reside at Jefferson, was with the family of Albert Knight, Esq., now of St. Peter, Minnesota. Mr. Knight had a little son, an only child, the idol of both father and mother, who died. In the hours of deep sorrow which followed, they found Mr. Barnes a comforter indeed. The parents leaned upon him and their hearts grew around his. Before they left Jefferson two other little ones were given them for a season, only to be too soon transplanted to the angel home. Mrs. J. C. Burbank resided with Mr. Knight during an entire Winter, and thus, she too

became a warm friend, and ever after a generous sympathizer and helper.

The Society was organized some time before Mr. Barnes was called, and had been favored with occasional preaching by Rev. Mr. Whittier of Janesville. It is only just to say, that during the residence of Mr. Barnes at Jefferson, John E. Holmes, and Wm. Sanborn, were pillars of the church. The meetings were held in the Court House. This building was situated on a gentle eminence, and around it grew an abundance of large and luxurious trees. The branches switched against the windows of the second story. At first the congregations were small, but before a month had passed every seat was occupied. Every seat continued to be occupied for five years, when the church was completed, and then that was filled. It was the general remark, that whatever the state of the weather, or whatever the condition of the roads, the Universalists were sure to have full meetings. There was a Congregationalist Society in the town when Mr. Barnes moved there, and a Congregationalist preacher, but he moved away soon after, and for four years there was no Protestant minister in the place save Mr. Barnes, except a German Lutheran, who in no way came into competition. This is certainly a remarkable fact.

It was the custom of Mr. Barnes to rise early every morning; read one hour; write two hours; then attend to his labor out of doors, and in the afternoon visit his people. He performed much less pastoral labor at this time than some years later. Very often he would drive out to visit Mr. Knight's people on Mon-

days, knowing that he would find a welcome there, whatever the business of the day. During his stay he completed his house, planted shrubbery and flowers, and adorned it in various unpretending ways. Before he left, more than double the quantity of currants, gooseberries and grapes grew upon his land, that the family could use.

No Universalist clergyman resided near him, and hence he went often ten, twenty, and even forty miles into the country, to attend funerals. He went to Watertown, Waterloo, and Hebron, and away beyond. One Saturday night, a man came to his house to ask him to go fifteen miles into the country to attend a funeral on the following day. The following day being Sunday, and knowing how reluctantly his people would consent to lose a service, he told the man who came that he would start immediately after his own service closed, and go as rapidly as possible, if this would answer. The man thought it would answer. Accordingly on the morrow he ate a hasty dinner after preaching, hired a saddle-horse, and started through the woods. It was the muddy season—sometime in Spring, and roads at that time through the woods were not very thoroughly worked. Mr. Barnes persevered, however, sometimes alighting to get through or around a place especially bad, sometimes unable to urge his horse into a trot for miles together. About four o'clock he arrived bespattered, at the house of an acquaintance, within two miles of the place where the funeral was to be held. After all his labor and trouble, and the pressing invitation of the night before, accompanied

with the assurance that it was the last request of the deceased that Mr. Barnes should preach his funeral sermon, he was now not a little surprised to learn that his services were not wanted. Word to this effect had been sent as far back as this house. What it meant he knew not. His friend knew no better than he. But, weary, disappointed, we think it safe also to add indignant, he mounted his horse and turned towards home. Those who saw him that night after his return, speak of his appearing haggard and dejected. His day's labor in his own desk, his thirty miles ride through the Spring mud, his disappointment and chagrin, tended to produce a very unpleasant state of both body and mind. Perhaps he gave utterance to words not very complimentary. Time passed on without bringing any solution to the strange treatment which he had received. After a time he was called to attend a funeral beyond the place where the other was to have been, and he determined to call on his return. He did so. The widow met him at the door, and when she saw his face she ejaculated the words, "Reverend Barnes!" and began to weep. He addressed her kindly, and asked an explanation of the treatment he had received. "I did not know" she said in answer, "that any word had been sent to you not to come, until it was too late. I have two sons-in-law who are Baptists. They have been attending a protracted meeting, and have got wrought up. They came to my house on Sunday, bringing the Baptist minister with them. They sent word without my knowing it, to your friend to stop you. Then they said to me that the

roads were so bad that you certainly would not come. They urged me to have the services proceed, the Baptist minister officiating. I at last reluctantly consented. It was several days afterwards that I learned how strangely they were conducting." She assured Mr. Barnes that her husband felt deeply attached to him as a man, and that he died firm in the faith. She would not have consented to proceed with the services had she suspected for a moment the real circumstances of the case. Her account relieved the mind of Mr. Barnes to a considerable extent, though it is hardly supposable that he felt more kindly disposed towards the common theology.

During his residence in Jefferson, he held a debate with a Methodist clergyman, in Columbus. The attendance on these services was large, and the interest quite unusual even for a debate. Mr. Barnes had debated the issues between Universalists and the Orthodox many times, and was therefore a strong opponent. Upon this occasion the debate moved along pleasantly, until near its close, when the Methodist clergyman finding himself somewhat hard pressed, resorted to the questionable method of quoting Luther Lee, and presenting the argument as if his own. As Mr. Barnes was thoroughly acquainted with the writings of Luther Lee, he detected the imposture at once. A venerable man who gives me this information, says that he never before or since, saw such an expression upon the features of Mr. Barnes, as when he arose to reply. Indignation, contempt, and determination were plainly visible. "I hope next time," he said, "when I arise to meet the

tattered arguments of Luther Lee, I shall meet them from Lee himself, or at least not from a man claiming to hold an honorable position in the ministry of a great denomination." He then read extracts from Lee's works containing the very language which had just been used by his opponent, and administered a most scathing rebuke. The effect was electrical, and the debate closed greatly to the advantage of Mr. Barnes, and the liberal interpretation of Scripture.

A somewhat singular incident relating to the baptism of an infant, should be related in this connection, though it be at the expense of Universalism. A couple resided in town, Germans, the father being a Protestant, and the mother a Catholic. The question arose as to where the child should be baptised, the mother being very anxious that it should be reared within the folds of the "Apostolic Church," and the father being determined that no child of his should be educated a Catholic. As the dispute lasted for a considerable time, and the feelings of both parties became excited, and as the parents were not people to keep so precious a secret, the whole village became interested in the question of the child's baptism. No one thought of any middle ground, but supposed of course that either its father or mother must prevail. It occasioned considerable gossip, therefore, when the parents carried the child to Mr. Barnes, with the request that he should baptise it. "Let Mr. Barnes baptise the baby" they said, "that it may not have any religion whatever!" This illustrates the popular estimate of Universalism.

Another incident gives an idea of the estimation

in which Mr. Barnes was held, although connected with such an unpopular form of religion. A family of known Catholics, living in the village, lost a child. These people knowing what comforting words Mr. Barnes could speak on such occasions, sent for him to attend the funeral. He went and held service, talking to them affectionately, and plainly of the heavenly home where they would meet their lost one again. The next day, the parents sent for a Roman Catholic priest, and had him perform the closing ceremonies, but the fact that they could so far break away from the rigid demands of their faith as to ask Mr. Barnes to attend at all, is good evidence that he possessed remarkable power over the hearts of the masses.

I cannot well forbear giving a brief account of a wedding which, though it by no means indicates the culture of any considerable number of inhabitants, yet has its lesson. A man came to Mr. Barnes one rainy Spring day, and asked him if he could walk two miles into the country to attend a wedding. It was then about two o'clock in the afternoon and the ceremony must necessarily be performed before evening. To the question whether the wedding might not wait until to-morrow, a decided answer in the negative was given. Mr. Barnes concluded to accommodate the parties, and started forth in the rain on foot, through the mud, following his unshaven and filthy guide. When they were well on their journey, Mr. Barnes ventured to ask the names of the parties who had thus unseasonably called him, and was informed that the ragged man who accompanied him was one of

them. They arrived in due course of time at a small shanty. Here the bridegroom asked Mr. Barnes to wait, in the rain, until he himself could go in, shave, change his clothing, and "get ready." After this was completed, the two went on until they reached another shanty, within which an aged man was shaving shingles, and a woman whose weight could not have been less than two hundred pounds, averdupois, was knitting among the shavings. Neither the old man nor the woman, knew anything of the proposed wedding. They understood that such an arrangement was contemplated at some time in the future, but had no knowledge of the day appointed. They were therefore taken by surprise. However, the shavings were cleared out as quickly as possible, the woman arrayed herself in her spare gown, combed her hair, and the interesting ceremony proceeded. This wedding, though it was not a success in a pecuniary point of view, furnished infinite amusement to the fertile genius of Mr. Barnes, who embellished it, and related the occurrence to his friends as often as opportunity offered.

While residing in Jefferson, Mr. Barnes was sick much of the time. He had fever and ague for months together, often going into the desk, when he was obliged to cling to the railing, or something to steady himself. When he was confined to the house, he was suffered to want for nothing. Without expense or trouble to him, his horse and cow were cared for, he himself was provided with watchers, and everything wanted in the house, was brought ready cooked, or prepared for use. There seemed to be no limit to

the affections of the people. He always alluded to his experience in Jefferson, as peculiarly pleasant, and Mrs. Barnes speaks most tenderly and affectionately of that people. Happy were the years. Happy the community. United and earnest, the Church won many victories.

Mr. Barnes' house was the hospitable home of all who traveled that way who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His acquaintance was more extensive than that of any other Universalist minister of his time and country. Through the "Better Covenant," and through labor to increase its circulation, he had become acquainted with a great multitude of people. These were all welcome to his house, to stay as long as they would, and depart at their leisure. He made them feel at home. There was something about the atmosphere of Mr. Barnes' residence that was peculiar. Within an hour, any one entering his house would feel as though he had lived there, and belonged there. Certainly there have been few such places in the ministry of our denomination, or of any other. It was not unfrequently the case that his barn would be full of horses, and wagons would stand around his house, like teams around a country church. Mr. Merriman, now the Mayor of St. Anthony, was then a young lawyer residing in Jefferson, and sometimes Mr. Barnes would come to his office, and get his bed to carry home, to make up for visitors. He would make the straw bed answer for one, the feather for another, and so he would divide the beds in his own house, and make them up on the floor. He was not very constantly driven to these extreme shifts, but

sometimes, and often patronized to the full capacity of his house. It was the common remark in town, that Mr. Barnes always had room for one more. And happy were the days, as I have said before. Mr. Merriman boarded there for a season, and others often came in. Mr. Knight, as his deep wounds healed, could not conceal his nature, neither did he wish to do so. He was a man having great capacity to make or enjoy mirth. Mrs. Barnes was a woman of rare powers in this regard, and overflowing with fresh, joyous, animal spirits. Often around the festive board, did that circle of happy men and women give vent to witty sayings, imitate, tell stories, manufacture puns and hits until the tears would run down the cheeks of Mr. Barnes. He himself never took an active part in this hilarity, but he enjoyed it intensely, and his presence seemed necessary. These joyous scenes were not always boisterous, not often, lest they reached all the way from quiet mirth to uproarious laughter. And it is pleasant to think that these happy relaxing days, were vouchsafed the Christian worker. Swiftly sped the time. An atmosphere of prosperity, and joy seemed to surround them on every side. Ever after, while he lived, his recollections of Jefferson were most pleasant.

A somewhat singular experience was the relation of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes to A. H. Waldo, a man who resided in Jefferson when they went there. He was a man of large experience, possessed of considerable property, but known as a sharp business man. A very marked change was wrought in this man by Mr. Barnes' preaching and conversation. The change effected

was not conversion in the ordinary acceptation of that term. Mr. Waldo did not become pious. But he attended meeting constantly, in Summer rain and Winter sleet and snow, no matter what the inducement to remain away, or the trouble in getting to church, he was always there. And he was always active. He took a very lively and deep interest in all that concerned the church. He was kind to the sick, his word was as good as his bond, but he was sharp in deal, and indulged in loose expressions. And this man became a fast friend of Mr. Barnes, clinging to him unto the last. Year by year he found more of that spiritual life which he sought. He cut loose from old associations. Gradually, as trees mature, he matured in spirit; soon after Mr. Barnes died he also died. When he was on his death bed, he made the remark that he should be glad to see Mrs. Barnes. He felt a yearning to see her once more. He said that he had experienced many happy days in the course of his life, but that he never felt such happiness as on the day of his death. He entreated his wife to shed no tears for him, but to rejoice and be joyful as never before. His countenance was said to be radiant in death, beautiful to look upon. The expression seemed almost divine. And when the news of his death came to Mrs. Barnes, then overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of her husband, she felt a sensation of joy. She seemed to know that Mr. Barnes would be glad to see him on the other shore. Perhaps that relation of soul to soul, which has led many to believe in communications between the two worlds, but which our

philosophy does not explain, may account for this relationship.

The family of which Mrs. Barnes was a member, was a very affectionate family. The friends were constantly suggesting that some plan be devised whereby the whole family could be together. Mr. Barnes had been to Minnesota and returned favorably impressed. He at length agreed that he would sever his connection with the Jefferson Society, provided that all the family friends would concentrate in St. Anthony. One inducement, and an important one for entering into this agreement, was the hope of finding improved health. The families then residing at Hazel Green, consented to the arrangement, and early in May, 1855, moved to St. Anthony, where Mr. Barnes joined them the following June.

It can be hardly necessary that we speak of the pain which accompanied the closing scenes of separation in Jefferson. The tie which binds the faithful pastor to his flock, is one of the tenderest and most sacred of earth. There he had witnessed seasons of unspeakable joy. There he had experienced such happiness, upon the whole, as he had not before found. He had grown into the affections of the people, and they had a very dear place in his heart. He had buried their dead; he had comforted the mourners; he had visited them in their homes; he had married those in the morning of life; he was all interwoven with their affections and their life. Every reader can call up the scene. The silent pressure of hands, the smothered good bye, the ejaculation "God bless you," uttered with tearful eyes. The severing

of such cords of love, has cost many a man a long heart ache. The severing of these cords cost Mr. Barnes more than words can tell. Even long after he had become settled in his new Minnesota home, he and his companion felt like saying "By the ruins of Babylon, there we sat down, yea we wept; when we remembered Zion." Many letters went between the old settlement and the new. Every Summer, a long visit to Jefferson, was essential to satisfy the cravings of his heart. It took years to effect a real separation from the town—as for the people, they will be dear to him—and he to them—while eternity shall be lit by the face of God.

VII.

AT ST. ANTHONY.

As has been already intimated, the one controlling motive for moving to St. Anthony, was that the family of which Mr. Barnes was a member, might be all together in one place. The effort to secure such a result had been long and persistent. While Mr. Barnes was settled in Jefferson, he yearly made a visit to Hazel Green, where the family then resided, and on such occasions, the great question for consideration was, where should they all go that they might be together. They thought seriously of going to Chicago, and for a long time it was doubtful whether they would decide to go to that city or to St. Anthony. The decision was reached in the Spring of 1855, and in April, Mr. Hemiup as the van guard, arrived. The family came in May, and Mr. Barnes in June.

At that time, Mr. Hodgdon was preaching to a small congregation in Central Hall. The Society was already organized, and had been for years. The Society was not at that time, however, enthusiastic. It could not even be said to be prosperous. Mr. Barnes was not invited to take charge of the Society. He came, believing that he could procure a livelihood by missionary work, with some secular employment, and have the benefit of living wi h his family. The relatives of his wife were as dear to him as to her. He had had some assurance before coming, from one

of his friends, that the Society would probably soon be vacant, and that then, no doubt, his services would be required. Nothing more. He was not a scheming man; he lacked the ability to think a scheming thought.

He did, however, as a clergyman and resident of St. Anthony, feel a very deep interest in the welfare of the Society. Perhaps he doubted the fitness of Mr. Hodgdon for the ministry; I am not informed. At all events, he made Mr. Hodgdon his unrelenting enemy in this way. He went one day to call on Mr. Hodgdon, who lived two miles out of town. Mr. Hodgdon was not at home, but his wife being there, Mr. Barnes incautiously said, and without reference to his worthiness, "Your husband is preaching—it is rather singular that I don't find his name in the Register as one of our ministers." The remark was made not to imply censure of Mr. Hodgdon, but carelessness in the publishers of the Register. The remark was repeated by the wife to her husband, and from that time Mr. Hodgdon became the enemy of Mr. Barnes. He seemed to believe that Mr. Barnes came to St. Anthony to supplant him, and that he was willing to resort to unfair means to accomplish his purpose. It is very difficult to believe that Mr. Hodgdon could have seriously thought Mr. Barnes capable of using any such means as were attributed to him.

In a few weeks after Mr. Barnes moved to St. Anthony, the term for which Mr. Hodgdon had been engaged expired. Though often invited by members of the Society, Mr. Barnes refused to preach until

that time came. He would put nothing in the way of any other man whatever. But as soon as the time expired for which Mr. Hodgdon was engaged, Mr. Barnes commenced preaching in St. Anthony.

The Society was poor and somewhat divided. No call in the proper sense was extended to Mr. Barnes. The Society simply ceased to employ any one, and Mr. Barnes being on the ground, chose to hold meetings on his own responsibility, in a measure, rather than see the Society go to pieces. He did not however, preach entirely upon his own responsibility. A few warm friends urged it upon him, as a means to save the organization. A few individuals assured him that they would do all that could reasonably be asked of them in such circumstances. But no call was given, and no salary agreed upon.

Central Hall was indeed as its name indicates—central. But it was in the third story of a wooden building, low, small, and associated in the minds of people with exhibitions, political meetings, and every kind of show that travels. Here Mr. Barnes commenced his ministry in Minnesota. His congregations averaged twenty-five souls, as they had averaged for some time before, under the ministry of Mr. Hodgdon.

Mr. Barnes was a stranger to his people. The peculiar relation which he occupied with reference to the Society, forbade his calling, as he otherwise would. If he assumed to be the pastor, there were several ready to be offended. If he were to go and visit, and urge the importance of a better acquaintance, and better understanding, numbers stood ready to accuse

him of seeking to establish himself at the expense of Mr. Hodgdon. So at least he thought. Yet he was a stranger and anxious to become acquainted. During the Summer, only two persons called at his house. Mr. Barnes yearned for sympathy and co-operation, yet found himself placed in such a position that he could do nothing himself, while others would do nothing towards the initiative. Mr. Hodgdon had told him, that possibly a congregation might be built up across the river at Minneapolis, but that the attempt would be hopeless in St. Anthony. Mr. Barnes therefore felt the need of great circumspection.

Late in the Summer, or beginning of Autumn, after preaching for months, with this unsatisfactory relation to the Society, the opportunity occurred by accident for him to break the ice which had so long separated him from the hearts of his people. One Sunday during the service a heavy rain storm came on. It came unexpectedly, and found people entirely unprepared. For some reason it was necessary to leave the hall. The stairs were narrow, and there was a little confined sheltered place at the bottom, where most of the people huddled together, to wait for husbands, and fathers, and older brothers, to go for over-shoes, umbrellas, and teams. However anxious the people were to keep at a distance from their minister, the contracted space forbade it. And certainly I do not wish to intimate that any such desire existed on the part of the people. Circumstances seemed to have been at fault rather than pastor or friends. But now circumstances were favorable. Close together they all were, physically, whether

they would or not. Mr. Barnes saw that his hour had come. "My brethren," said he, "We are here under peculiar circumstances. We are really strangers to one another, and that ought not to be. My friends, this is Mrs. Barnes; allow me to introduce her to you all." This opened the way. Introductions were the order of the time. Each person was introduced to all the others. Then followed a pleasant and social conversation. The best of feeling prevailed. All were taken by surprise. They realized how much they were losing by being deprived of all social intercourse. Soon fathers and brothers, and husbands, returned with teams and umbrellas, and were introduced also. Then they separated, and with feelings not experienced before. Soon after the people began to call upon Mr. Barnes. His congregations increased. The hall was hardly large enough to hold all who wished to attend.

When Mr. Barnes moved to St. Anthony, he moved into a small frame house, which stood out on the prairie. Neither was it a frame house, but it was a one story, low wood house, made of scantlings and clapboards, and shingles, in true Western style. In the Autumn, when the cold winds began to howl down from the lakes, he found the house uncomfortable. The air found its way through somewhere, and almost everywhere. Consequently he was compelled to move, in order to get a comfortable tenement for the Winter. He moved into the third story of a brick block, then known as Dorman's Block, and known by the same name to this day. The friends of Mrs. Barnes lived there, and consequently, though

pretty well up, he found a very enjoyable home.

Soon after he became established in his new quarters, he was taken one night by suprise, by his people. It was indeed a great surprise to him. Only a few weeks before had he made the first advancement toward acquaintance. He had no reason to suppose that there was any cordiality on the part of the Society. Yet now they came and took possession of his house. They came from all parts of the town, and all came. They brought material for a luxurious supper. They brought money, and food, and clothing, in abundance. Their generosity astonished the humble preacher. And better than all, they brought heartfelt words of cheer and good will. They were so hearty in expressions of sympathy and love. And not the least interesting feature of the occasion, concerned the Dorman family. Here they had been wondering all Summer why neighbors did not call. They had been alone—had called nowhere, because nobody had called upon them. At this gathering, they found that nearly all the neighbors had moved into town since themselves, or about the time, or but little before. These neighbors were also wondering why the Dorman's and others did not call upon them. Here is an opportunity for Western men to learn a lesson. Ministers families, especially, would do well not to wait for neighbors to call in a Western town, lest the obligation should be by courtesy the other way. At this party, there were so many people who were strangers, that in many instances, individuals were driven to the unpleasant task of introducing themselves.

As illustrative of the great change which took place in the feelings and opinions of Mr. Barnes, in the last few years of his life, I may mention that a Sunday School was organized soon after he took charge of the Society, but that he never stopped at its sessions. He doubted the propriety of establishing Sunday Schools, but if people would have them, he would not assist or countenance them with his presence. He did not consider that any part of a minister's work. Certain active members of the Society took the whole charge of the School, both in organizing and conducting. The library at that time was kept in a small black trunk, which was presented by a zealous lady. As the hall was a public place, used for various purposes, it was necessary to secure the books in some way. Consequently they were put under lock and key in the trunk.

Mr. Barnes preached until the Spring of 1856, with no definite call or understanding with the Society. There are no records to show how large a salary he received or who paid it. No one remembers. Every one, however, who resided in St. Anthony at the time, remembers that Central Hall was hardly large enough to accommodate the congregations that gathered to hear him. There was a very vigorous prosperity throughout every department of the Church. A social circle was formed, called the Ladies' Union, which added materially to the strength of the parish. Through the Union, a warm social element was developed, and made tributary to the Church. Some funerals were attended in the town by Mr. Barnes which added largely to the strength of the Society.

and the influence of the pastor. In the house of mourning he always was peculiarly strong. He drew all hearts to himself. People from other denominations went to hear him preach funeral sermons. That opened the way for them to go on Sundays. There were frequent accessions. There was a movement which was exhilarating and inspiring. I would not say that the movement was altogether due to Mr. Barnes. No doubt other influences operated extensively. Mr. Barnes was not a vigorous, driving man. His societies seemed to carry him, rather than he the societies. He was the tranquilizing and welding spirit.

During the Fall of 1855, the first festival ever held in the State (Minnesota was then a territory) was given by the First Universalist Society of St. Anthony, on Hennepin Island. This island is a beautiful tract of land in the Mississippi river. There was a suitable building, and no effort was spared to make it successful. The ladies gave it their special attention. Among other attractions there were several fine tableaux. This gave occasion for other churches in the place to feel hurt. They thought they saw great immorality, or at least a tendency in that direction. They joined their voices, and raised a loud chorus against the wicked Universalists. They thought it equally pernicious to have tableaux as to perform plays. They thought very likely some souls would be lost because of that festival. Nevertheless, within three years, all the churches held festivals, and thought tableaux refined and wholesome exhibitions. The festival yielded five hundred dollars, and was considered a

complete success. A part of the proceeds went to purchase a small melodeon, which is now used in the Sunday School.

At this time Mr. Barnes wrote two sermons every week, besides his funeral sermons. He had also a more than usual interest in the parish. The peculiar relation which he sustained to it, made him over anxious to succeed. He had no exchanges, no relief, not so much as he had had in Jefferson. There was no preacher of his faith nearer than Chicago, by the traveled route, for this was before the Wisconsin Railroads were in existence. The route east was by the way of Galena.

There was a young Swede, whom the Society hired to play the melodeon, who could not speak a word of English. His father was a Lutheran clergyman in the old country. Not relishing that theology, this young man had become skeptical. He had a brother who was a rank skeptic, and he had felt his brother's influence upon his own mind. He was a very tender-hearted and a very excellent young man. Of course he grew gradually to an understanding of our language. He came to St. Anthony through the influence of his countrywoman, Frederika Bremer, who assured him that St. Anthony was the most pleasant town in America. As the young man was poor, he resorted to music teaching for a living. As he presided at the instrument Sunday after Sunday, he began to understand a little of what the preacher said, and as soon as he could hear enough to comprehend, he was anxious to close his ears. He regretted to hear. He thought the doctrine certainly most pernicious. But

being skeptical, he had the courage to continue to listen. He increased in understanding, and soon began to comprehend the doctrine. He was charmed. The new thoughts appeared beautiful. He became deeply interested. It was not many months before he became a believer of the theology, and ever after, was a fast friend of Mr. Barnes. He visited his family often, and always on terms of great intimacy. That young Swede, grown older, is now a music teacher in St. Anthony and Minneapolis, and a most worthy man. He has often said that Mr. Barnes saved him from the dreary waste of unbelief. He is extensively known as the deservedly popular musician, Mr. Widstrand.

Up to this time the Society had no church, and no convenient and suitable place in which to worship. The town was growing rapidly. New members were being added from time to time. A feeling of strength and security began to pervade all hearts. Very naturally the project of a church building began to be discussed. People who have all their lives lived in the East can form no idea of the rapidity with which Western enterprises ripen. In what is called a live town, any ordinary work, like the building of a church, is accomplished with very little noise, and seemingly with little effort. The momentum of the masses pushes civilization, or what pertains to it, directly ahead. St. Anthony was a live town. The purpose of the Society ripened fast. There were abundant means in the parish to erect a proper church for the place and time.

In January, 1856, a subscription was started for a

church. As the heading to this document is in the handwriting of Mr. Barnes, and somewhat peculiar and contains information which is valuable, we transcribe it.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST FOR A UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

We, the undersigned, agree to pay to the person authorized to receive the same, the amounts set opposite our names in this list, at such times, and in such sums, as hereinafter mentioned, for the purpose of aiding and assisting in building a Universalist church in the city of St. Anthony, Minnesota. The church building, including the lot on which it is to be placed, to cost not less than six thousand dollars, and to be placed in some central, commanding position, the most convenient from all parts of the city. Twenty-five per cent. of the amount of cash subscriptions to be paid at the time of the purchase of the lot, and the remainder at such times, and in such amounts, as the Building Committee shall need in the progress of the erection of the church edifice. On the completion of a church, a certain number of slips shall be set apart as free, and the remainder disposed of as thought best.

St. Anthony, Jan., 1856.

A lot was purchased in a "central and commanding" position, costing $1100. A building committee was appointed. Matters moved along with ease, and to the satisfaction of all concerned. There was an abundance of money in the country. Speculation was rife. Real estate was held at fabulous prices. In a single year a man could make a fortune if he had average ability. A shrewd business man could acquire a competency in six months. No kind of business could be prosecuted which did not yield a rich return.

All this was very good. It made the building of a church an easy matter. But it operated to the detriment of the Society in one respect. The man who took the contract thought it no great matter if he made the edifice cost double the original estimate. As he was to receive whatever the structure cost, and as building was expensive, money being so plenty, he run the Society so far in debt it is surprising that the building was saved to the parish. The original estimate was six thousand dollars, including the lot. The actual cost was about *fifteen thousand dollars.* The following paper explains itself, and is necessary to a clear understanding of the difficulties encountered and most nobly met. Of course, there was gross mismanagement somewhere. This, also, is in the familiar hand of Mr. Barnes.

"Whereas, from a report made by the Trustees of the Universalist Church, it will require eleven thousand dollars to liquidate the debt now against said church, and to furnish the same, we, the undersigned, feeling a deep interest in the same, agree to pay the amounts set against our names, one-half cash, to be paid on or before January 15, 1857, and the other half to be paid on or before June 1, 1857, by good and satisfactory note, the whole of said amount to be paid Robert Cummings and Dorilus Morrison, who are selected as a special committee to receive said funds and notes, and also to make such provision for the payment of all debts on said church, together with the completing of the same, as the whole amounts received shall warrant, showing a true and just account of all such matter.

Unless the above amount, eleven thousand dollars, shall be raised, this shall be void, and of no effect.

St. Anthony, Dec. 30, 1856."

Opposite six names on this subscription paper, are six thousand dollars—one thousand each. Nearly the entire debt was paid off, though a troublesome remainder of more than a thousand dollars was not paid until nine years after.

It was fortunate for the First Universalist Society of St. Anthony that it succeeded in getting so near out of debt so early. Had there been a delay of six months, it is probable that it would have proved fatal to the financial interests of the Society. Soon after came the terrible crash, known as the great panic of 1857. Indeed, the panic came before the sums subscribed were due. It came with crushing force. It fell upon the rich and the poor. It fell upon all kinds of trade. Hundreds of men lost their fortunes in much less time than six months or a year. Utter stagnation ruled everywhere. There was not a sufficiency of money to do the necessary business of the town. Lumber became, to some extent, a circulating medium. No person could pay what he was owing. Even a man worth twenty-five thousand dollars was compelled to succumb on liabilities but little exceeding two thousand. He was unable to collect a dollar of what was due him, and his property could not be sold for cash at any price. The money was not in the country. The state of things in the then territory of Minnesota was beyond belief, dreadful. People look back to that time as a period of suffering and despondency and consequent treachery, unequalled in the history of the nation. I hardly need be more specific in referring to a time so recent.

The Society had a church indeed, but they entered

it in the midst of a season such as I have described. They took possession of the basement in the Spring of 1857. They were glad enough to get in there. It was a joyful day when they exchanged the hall for the church, though it was the vestry. The small black trunk containing the Sunday School library was transferred from the old place of worship to the new. Everything was done that could be done by an indefatigable corps of lady workers, to make the room pleasant.

Mr. Barnes had not meddled with the finances while the church was going up. It was not his way. He was quiet, perhaps not sufficiently watchful. He trusted to others. He, in common with the majority, was startled at the time that a debt of eleven thousand dollars was reported as hanging over the church. But he, in common with others, went nobly to work. One of the finest passages in his life occurred in connection with this time and this church.

There had come this terrible stagnation in business. The members of his parish had been drained to the financial dregs by being compelled to pay so much more for the building than they expected. It was impossible to raise any considerable salary. But Mr. Barnes stood at his post. He was not the man to desert them. He owned a house and lot in Jefferson. This, fortunately, he had sold in season to realize a fair price. He now preached for the St. Anthony people on a salary which did not pay his actual expenses, and made up the deficiency from the funds obtained by selling his house and lot. More than one half of all that he had saved in Jefferson went in

this time. The people besought him not to forsake them, and he did not. Through that dark time he stood as faithfully to his work as in the most prosperous days; as faithful while living out his little inheritance, as while receiving abundant remuneration. The people have always been grateful for his fidelity, and with good reason, as, without question, his fidelity preserved the Society as a thriving and active body

While occupying the vestry the interest was maintained, and somewhat augmented. An income was obtained by renting the vestry for various secular meetings and exhibitions. The Society stood high in the estimation of community. Some were drawn in from the Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Methodists, and no other denomination could compete with the Universalists in St. Anthony. There was no noise, no excitement, nothing sensational. Mr. Barnes was not the style of man to make a sensation—perhaps not if he had tried; but assuredly he was not the man to try. He did not believe in carrying men to heaven by odd gestures, and much display. But in a steady, calm, yet earnest manner, he pursued the work, and the parish prospered.

Let we say here what I can say nowhere else so well, that experience has taught emphatically that people do not love pastors better for bearing their burdens. Those children whom parents indulge most are most likely to forget the filial love and reverence they owe parents. We are to train Societies to be just. Educate them to bear their share of the burdens. The minister who undertakes to carry a

Society undertakes too much. Republics are proverbially ungrateful, and Societies are miniature republics. A minister's willingness to be made a slave may be misunderstood; it is not likely to be appreciated. It will be taken for incompetency. A minister should always insist that obligations be promptly met, that laymen's work be done by laymen, and that a reasonable degree of discipline be maintained. People have respect unto the man who will not be a slave. The Society did not love Mr. Barnes better because he allowed them to become careless as to his salary. He did not thereby extend his influence. He did not consolidate and vitalize. If he had consented to labor for a less compensation, and exacted strict compliance with the contract, that, perhaps, would have been well. But in the abundant goodness and generosity of his heart, he allowed the Society to drift into a no-contract-and but-little-pay system, or lack of system, which proved disastrous. It illustrates, however, equally well, his sincere devotion to his faith.

The church proper was ready to be dedicated in the Autumn of 1857. Mr. Barnes went to Chicago to attend a meeting of the United States Convention. or of the State Convention of Illinois, I am not certain which, intending to make arrangements for some of the ministering brethren to come and conduct the dedicatory ceremonies. Chicago was the nearest point from which ministers could be obtained. St. Anthony is 570 miles from Chicago, yet there was no clergyman nearer than that city by the line of travel. He hoped to induce more than one to visit Minne-

sota, and assist in the labor, and he was not wholly pleased, therefore, when he succeeded only in securing the services of Rev. W. W. King.

The services of dedication infused new zeal into the people. Mr. King preached the sermon. It was an able production, and delivered in the powerful and impressive manner which made Mr. King so popular. The house was filled to overflowing during the series of meetings which followed. Only one thousand dollars remained unpaid on the house. The Society started off full of enthusiasm and hope. They owned the best church in the State. The ladies, by means of a series of festivals, paid two thousand dollars for lamps, sofa, chairs, upholstering, carpets, and furnishing generally, besides putting five hundred dollars in the building. For a year there was exceeding prosperity, notwithstanding the dead lock in business.

But in the fall of 1858, Mr. Barnes began to fail. His health, never quite satisfactory, became poor. His labors were too much for him. He was compelled to cease writing sermons, and as a consequence, to cease preaching in St. Anthony. He preached until May, 1859.

From this time to 1862, the Society had an experience which I shall endeavor faithfully to portray; as much for the benefit of the cause which I profess to love, as for making lucid after events in the life of Mr. Barnes. The history of the man is interwoven with the history of this Society, and it is impossible to give one without giving the other also. I regret that other and earlier portions of his experience are

so little known, but that ought not to deter from giving a full account, where the material for such an account is now at hand, but which, if not used, will soon, like what went before it, be buried in the grave of time.

VIII.

AT ST. ANTHONY, CONTINUED.

When Mr. Barnes ceased preaching at St. Anthony, he commenced itinerating. He did not change his residence, and he did not cease to have an oversight of the Society. Occasionally he preached, but not in the strict sense as pastor. He went to Anoka, St. Cloud, Clearwater, Stillwater, Shakopee, and St. Paul. He kept a horse and buggy, and accompanied by Mrs. Barnes, he journeyed through all the surrounding country. There are few places in Minnesota where Mr. Barnes is not known. Those who now are endeavoring to establish societies in different localities, are constantly coming upon old stakes driven down by Mr. Barnes. Traces of the good man are every where, and to him primarily we owe the excellent position of the denomination in the State. He did not wait to be called, he did not often correspond before visiting a place, but he would come to the conclusion that certain towns ought to have Universalist societies, and he would go and organize them.

As soon as Mr. Barnes ceased preaching, the interest in the Society began to flag. This troubled him, though he could see no remedy. The meetings were continued by the lay members, several of the zealous ones alternating in reading sermons. Through all the dark days which followed 1858, for four years, these lay meetings were maintained, when the Socie y

had no preaching. These dark days of which I speak consisted of an unsettled condition, hearing candidates, consequent divisions, uncertainty, and sometimes despair. During these years also, the Sunday School was maintained constantly.

In the Spring of 1859, Mr. Hemiup, one of the ablest members, went East, and was charged with the difficult task of procuring a minister. He was only charged to secure a man during the sickness of Mr. Barnes. He extended an invitation to Mr. Snell, now of New York State, but he declined to go so far; to Mr. King, but he was then not at liberty to accept; to Mr. J. G. Forman, but he had decided to go in another direction; and to several others, but to no purpose. He came back with the unwelcome intelligence that there was but little prospect of securing a pastor soon.

Mr. Barnes failed until his friends urged him to go to the sea shore to recuperate. Rest and a change of some kind he must have. He concluded to accept the advice, and in the Summer of 1859, he also went to the East. The first inducement, was, as suggested, for the benefit of his health. The second, to visit his aged mother, then residing in New Haven, Conn. The third, to procure a minister for the St. Anthony Society. He went, and remained during the entire season. And while he remained, nothing of special interest occurred to him. His journey was everyway pleasant, and he derived great benefit to his health. But he was all the time corresponding with members at home. His life was still on the Mississippi. Events were transpiring there which affected him

deeply—events which should not be separated from his life. Members were consulting him upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of the parish, and he was managing from a distance. His history at this time as much belongs to his church at home as though he had lived there. He still bore the burden of the Society, and was looked up to as the leader. He was still the Apostle of Universalism in Minnesota.

One event concerned the Sunday School. No sooner had he left town, than a conspiracy was formed by the other churches, to break down the Universalist Sunday School. A conspiracy, some think; others do not. The facts were as follows: Mr. Hemiup, the Superintendent of the Universalist School, was surprised one Sunday afternoon, to receive a visit from the Superintendents of three other Schools. They came to inform him that a grand union Sunday School celebration had been determined upon, and that it was the wish of all to have the Universalists unite with the others. This was pleasing intelligence to Mr. Hemiup, for he knew very well that it was the sincere wish of all the members of the Society to live on cordial terms with other denominations.

The great event was not to transpire for several days in the future. Mr. Hemiup made public, in conversation, the remarkable generosity of the other schools in town, in not only permitting, but actually inviting, the wicked Universalists to share in their pleasures. In conversing thus with different members, he found that several questioned the sincerity of the invitation. They thought it possible that some

treachery lay at the bottom. This feeling became so prevalent, that Mr. Hemiup went to the Rev. Mr. Hyde, one of the evangelical clergymen, and asked him if it was really the wish of all that the Universalists join in the celebration. Rev. Mr. Hyde assured him that the invitation was given in good faith, and with the utmost cordiality. This reassured the Superintendent, and preparations began. In the meantime, the matter became the subject of very general conversation throughout the town. So strange a thing had never happened before. Was it true then, that other denominations were about to acknowledge the Universalists as Christians? This was the question. It was discussed by business men in stores and mills, and by the ladies at tea parties and in sewing societies. It created a commotion on a small scale. All except Catholics, then, were going to unite in a festive party, each School bearing its appropriate banners, and wearing appropriate badges.

But after matters had gone so far, and about ten days before the proposed event, the evangelical clergymen came to the conclusion that the Universalist Sunday School should not take part. Accordingly, Mr. Hemiup was visited by Mr. Secombe, pastor of the Congregationalist Church, and Mr. Hyde, of the Baptist, and assured that they had just come from a meeting of the Evangelical Christians, and that the decision of that meeting was, that the invitation to the Universalists should be recalled. They said, furthermore, that the invitation had been given in the first place by the Superintendents, and that they alone were responsible. They did not repre-

sent the wishes of the pious people composing the Christian churches. Mr. Secombe said for himself that he would not compromise his religious convictions for any consideration whatever, and that he should stay at home if the Universalists went as a school, though they might go as individuals, and range themselves under what evangelical banner they preferred. And Mr. Hyde assured Mr. Hemiup that he had changed his mind, on further reflection; that he could not consider the Universalist School as a Christian school in any sense; that there was a principle at stake, and the affair must go no farther. It had already gone too far. Mr. Hemiup was not a man to bear insult added to injury in silence. He spoke his mind freely in the presence of the two Reverend gentlemen. He more than intimated (he is a lawyer) that the school would not consider it a very precious privilege to be thus trifled with, and then go as individuals, under orthodox banners, and wearing orthodox badges. Perhaps he suggested that the school was not suffering materially for the want of recognition as Christians by the evangelical societies of the town. He thought their entrance into heaven would not depend on such recognition. He hoped Jesus was willing to recognize the school as Christian; that was satisfactory to him. He did not forget to speak with proper civility and decorum, but he left the impression on the minds of his saintly visitors, that there was no particular suffering in the Universalist school on account of orthodox repudiation. The interview terminated in a clear understanding of the feelings cherished by each party for the other.

The evangelical Superintendents, or a part of them, when they heard that the clergymen had revoked their invitation, were becomingly indignant. They were determined, or apparently so, that the Universalists should be invited, and the clergy, followed by a large majority of the laity, were determined that they should not. The war was waged furiously. The scene of conflict was transferred to the camp of the evangelical Christians. There was a terribly bitter feeling between the party desirous to invite, and the party determined not to invite. A meeting was called at the Winslow House to settle the difficulty, at which the Universalist school was allowed to be represented by two delegates. These delegates attended, but took no part in the meeting, except to answer such questions, or make such statements as were necessary to elucidate the subject. But the evangelicals themselves conducted the controversy. All this produced a commotion on a large scale. Never anything in town created more excitement, or was more generally commented upon. A long caustic article appeared in the local paper. All people, except a few rigid church members, took sides with the Universalist school. It was the universal sentiment that the school had been most shabbily treated. And as a consequence, there were large accessions.

The advice which came from Mr. Barnes was uniformly to be kind, patient and peaceful; but firm and unyielding.

A captain of one of the steamers then running on the Upper Mississippi, hearing of the treatment which the Universalist school had received, went to the

Superintendent, and offered him the free use of his boat for an excursion up the river. He would carry the school wherever it desired to go, land it on any island, or in any pleasant grove, or allow refreshments to be taken on board, as should be thought best, and all without charge. This kind offer was accepted, and the same day selected which was to witness the union celebration by the other schools.

The day came. Two Superintendents deserted the evangelical party, and went with the Universalists. The day was unpropitious. It rained violently, and the wind blew. Part of an old bridge, which had been broken asunder by the high water, remained standing, past which the boat must go. The current was swift; the wind helped the current, and the rain added to the difficulty and confusion. Two hundred people, a large share children, were crowded upon the boat. It became evident that there was danger in getting past the bridge. Only a few hundred yards below were the falls of St. Anthony. Any accident to the machinery would probably leave the boat to the mercy of the current, and all would perish. The boat struck the bridge, or some portion of it, or a sunken rock, it is not clear at this time what it struck, but it *struck*, made a hole, and in poured the water. There was imminent danger that the boat would sink, in which case scores must be lost. The suspense for a few minutes was fearful. So many innocent children, going out for pleasure, thus exposed to a tragic death. Fortunately the boat was made fast to that part of the bridge which remained standing, and all hands began helping the children upon it. Work-

ing with desperate energy, in a short time all were safely landed, and the boat thus lightened, was saved.

While the children stood in the rain, on the bridge, some of the more energetic went to the village of Minneapolis, for teams, determined that in spite of fate, after so much difficulty, they would have a pic-nic somewhere and somehow.

The carriages arrived in good time, the children were placed inside, and driven to Stanchfield's Hall, in St. Anthony, fires were lighted, and the wet clothes dried, the baskets of provisions were brought out and opened, speeches were made, hymns sung, and a general season of festivity enjoyed with zest. The affair proved a great success, while on account of the storm, the out door celebration was spoiled altogether. Again the newspaper came out with an article full of timely suggestions, and other good things, showing how the accident on the steamboat occurred by reason of a Jonah on board, in the shape of a Universalist Sunday School. This occurrence resulted upon the whole in adding many scholars to the school, and in preparing the way for liberal patronage to every thing which the school chose to exhibit for the purpose of increasing its funds.

The following letter, written with reference to these persecutions, speaks for itself.

"NEW HAVEN, August 1, 1859.

"*Dear Brother:*

"Your two letters of date 25th, reached us "yesterday. * * * * * * *

"Kind Providence permitting, we shall leave here "on Thursday of this week, for my brother's, about "thirty miles east of Albany. We shall probably

"remain there until next Monday, when we shall "leave for home, which we hope to reach as soon as "Saturday. * * * * * We shall "make a short stop at Niagara Falls, and I wish to "stop a short time in Detroit. And we promised to "stop in Chicago for Mrs. Perkins, who promised to "go home with us from there. So that if we get "home by Saturday night, we shall do well.

"The minister matters can stand as they are, if "you choose to have it so, till I get home. I have "nothing new to say on that subject. Bro. Dean will "not go to St. Anthony in any event, before the first "of October, and will not wish to go then if the "minds of our people are prejudiced in favor of any "one else. Let the matter stand till I get home, and "we can talk a great deal more than we can write. "There will be time enough then to close matters "with Dean.

"I congratulate you on your prospects for this "month, and hope to share some of the joys with "you. May your fondest anticipations be realized, "and choice fruits of this month's labor be partaken "of in after days. You have stood up nobly through "the days of peril; may you come out with shining "garments, and never weary in well-doing. Provi- "dence (though you may have thought it a frowning "one) has smiled upon you this Summer through the "spirit of opposition which has been aroused. That "spirit was needed for God's work in St. Anthony; "needed to arouse our people. Being aroused, if they "will buckle on their armor, and go forth to battle— "stand up and and contend manfully for the right "against every device of Satan, victory and triumph "are theirs. Will they do it? Keep up the war cry. "Let the watch-word be Victory or Death. Allow "no compromise; give no quarter and ask none. "Live like Christ's free men, or die like freemen. "Let the hosts of Satan feel and know that the power

"against them is Omnipotent, and they cannot con-
"tend against it. This they will feel if our people
"will plant themselves on the platform of principle,
"and stand up like men and women full-grown, de-
"termined upon victory. Let the tocsin ring. I will
"write again before we leave here.

"As ever, love to all,

"S. BARNES."

Another thing to which I wish to refer in this connection is the fact that the Society began to lose members as soon as Mr Barnes ceased regular ministrations, commencing indeed before he ceased, and continuing through all those four years. While Mr. Barnes was in New England, this work of disintegration increased quite rapidly. He had always been opposed to church organization, to the ordinances of baptism, and the Lord's Supper. He was in favor of societies, but not of churches. Some quite spiritual members often urged the necessity of something more, but he mildly, yet firmly, resisted every effort for the formation of a church.

I can only account for this peculiarity by remembering the position of nearly all the Universalist fathers of long ago. Churches were believed to be of no service to Christianity, at the time when he entered the ministry. His love of contemplation, his reverence for the Saviour, his desire to use all legitimate means for advancing the kingdom of God on earth, would have led him to adopt the church proper, as one means of advancing the work, had not an early prejudice stood in the way. Mr. Barnes changed greatly in the last few years of his life, and this statement will help to illustrate that change, as well as ac-

count for losses in his Society as soon as he was gone.

Several left the Society and united with the Episcopal Church. They did so, not because their opinions changed, but because they wished to feel that they were a part of some organic Christian body. They hungered for the sacraments. They desired a nearness and spirituality, which they failed to find in a mere Society. They therefore wandered away. Some who had been trained to manhood or womanhood in the Sunday School, who were supposed to be as immovable as granite, and who were in doctrine, yet because they wished to be baptized, and received into a church, left their first love for another.

As soon as the pastor had gone, nothing remained to hold the people together. I say nothing. I mean nothing of that which is understood in a special sense to belong to a church. The Society remained. Many names were subscribed to a few articles of association, and this constituted the Society. Those dear memorials which separate the Church of Christ from all that is purely secular, had no hold upon the friends after the minister had gone.

It is true that fidelity to convictions should have been enough. I do not mean to apologize for such as then left the Society, or for such as are frequently leaving us under similar circumstances. There can be no excuse for a man to sell his faith for any price or privilege. But there are hundreds who do not see clearly that there can be no religious work which contravenes convictions, without a betrayal of Christ afresh. They do not see clearly these abtract principles. Especially among the young, there are numbers

who fail to have any clear and well-defined ideas upon this subject. They judge from the outward and the tangible They want the helps of a church. And so hundreds will leave mere societies when an hour of trial comes, and be false in a measure to their convictions of truth, for the sake of being true to their yearnings after the personal Jesus.

Several who left the St. Anthony Church at this time stated plainly their reasons for going. They professed that they were as firm in the faith of ultimate redemption as ever, but sought elsewhere those ordinances which they could not enjoy in the place of accustomed worship. It would be easy to say severe words against the course they pursued, but it is more to my purpose to call attention to this circumstance as a warning to all clergymen who despise the church. Our people need the help of churches and conference meetings. They need a quickening of the devotional element. When they become part and parcel of the church, they feel interested and at ease. They feel that they have all. They find a unity which is not to be found elsewhere. A religious denomination is something more than a school, or a benevolent society and unless we learn and practice upon this fact, we shall cease to live as a Christian denomination. We must maintain churches, or fall in pieces.

While visiting New England, he went, after an absence of quarter of a century, to visit the scenes of his boyhood. New faces had come into those places which he knew so well and loved so much. I do not wish to attempt any description of his feelings as he revisited the haunts of his youth. There are few

persons who cannot imagine them better without any description of mine, than with. Hallowed were the mountains, the forests, the hills, the vales. Olden memories linked long gone events to every rock and familiar tree. In a letter from Mrs. Barnes, I find these words:

"We went to visit the old homestead, and husband "preached in the old school house where he first went "to school. His mother was not there, but one of his "brothers was. The neighbors who knew him when "a boy wished to hear him preach. He did so on a "beautiful Summer evening. I shall never forget "the night. The moon shone on the rocks and moss "covered fences, making to my eyes a scene new and "strange. I was not able to go to the school house, "but remained out in the yard, under the trees, watch-"ing their return. How plain now can I see his "spiritual face, as he came towards me, bathed in "the soft moonlight. He looked wearied, but happy. "I asked him if he had enjoyed the meeting. He "replied, 'Very much.'"

This visit to Plymouth was one of the most pleasing episodes in his long visit to the East. What he loved once he loved forever. He was passionately fond of nature, and was partial to rugged nature, as he found it in Connecticut, especially near the place of his birth. He enjoyed this view of boyhood scenes to the uttermost, and for the last time.

In the Summer of 1859, while Mr. Barnes was in New England, visiting, recreating and recuperating, Mr. King came up from Chicago, to spend his vacation in St. Anthony. He had also spent his vacation at the Falls the Summer before. Having previous to

all dedicated the church, and entranced the multitude with his speaking, there was a loud call for him, after his first vacation. Now, on his second vacation, as the Society was searching in all quarters for a pastor, the demand was clamorous for Mr. King. Even the word clamorous is hardly strong enough to express the popular desire. A few were opposed. No one doubted his ability; all were carried away with his power in the pulpit; but a few hearts felt that he lacked a certain consecration which they deemed essential in a Christian teacher.

It does not appear that Mr. Barnes felt any doubt as to the fitness of Mr. King for the place. He was in constant communication with the friends at home, and I insert the following letter in this place, as throwing more light upon his feelings and interest, than any other one letter that I can select. Mr. Barnes, in pursuance of his charge to find a pastor, had corresponded with Mr. Dean.

"NEW HAVEN, July 20, 1859.

"It seems no longer to be a question with the St. "Anthony Society, can we get a preacher? but, "who of the candidates shall we accept? I have been "for a day or two balancing in my mind King and "Dean. I think the masses would give King the "preference. The spiritual portion would give Dean "the preference. Can the spiritual class maintain a "meeting without the assistance of the other class? "Will not both these classes be tolerably well united "on King? Is there not enough conservative strength "in the spiritual class to guide the influences of the "present favorably for the future, by yielding to "their feelings in selecting what they will call a "liberal man? If you should decide in favor of

"Dean, and the masses should not be interested in "his oratory, and should think him too conservative; "and a man should come along, a flowery speaker, "professing a great liberality of sentiment, a union "with all kinds of liberalism that has not much "Christian devotion, would not the strength and "numbers so favor such a man as to disable the "Society? I may be mistaken, but I regard Fisk as "such a man, and it would be a question with me, "How will this influence be most successfully met. "I think King is true in principle, and will work for "denominational character. His talents will com- "mand so much of the radical feeling, that I think "there would be no attempt on that side to support "another man. This consideration favors King over "Dean. I can but think that our prosperity at pres- "ent requires the united efforts of all the strength "that can be brought into our Society. If Dean was "there alone in the field, I should have no fears of "consequences. But his first impressions might not "be as favorable as King's. His manner is not as "pleasant; he is not as eloquent. As a speaker he "is not his equal; in other things he is.

"I have thought these matters all over, and pen "these thoughts for your consideration. I know the "condition of things must make it difficult for you to "act. But I wish to get all matters before you that I "can, which have a bearing on this question. I don't "wish to confuse or embarass your action in any "way, or give you to think I have any great partiality. "I have none between King and Dean. Dean is the "most spiritual man, I believe the best worker in "Society, but under the circumstances, it is a ques- "tion with me whether King would not be the best "man for you at present. A question that you can "better decide than I, having a better opportunity to "judge of the feeling we wish to serve. The Society

"ought to feel itself exceedingly fortunate to be able "to get either of these men.

"During this winter we want all that Society debt "swept out. To do this, we want an interest that "will fill our church, and rent every pew. With such "an interest, we can pay off all these debts, and get "matters in such shape that it will be easy supporting "meetings, and we can keep out of debt. And the "man that promises best to awaken and keep alive "this interest, and aid in this work, is the man to "employ.

"I have written Dean the state of things, and will "give you his views and feelings when I hear from "him. Yours, S. BARNES."

Although Mr. Barnes never resorted to sensational preaching to fill his own church, it appears that when he came to act as a layman, he was as much in favor of a drawing preacher as any one. I suspect that we find fault with others many times and oft, for doing precisely what we should do ourselves, were we in place of those others. This hunger for men who will draw is not to be appeased, save by a drawing man. Any Society, however, had better have a weak preacher than a wicked one.

Mr. Barnes could himself have occupied the pulpit instead of either Dean or King, but his health was not yet restored. He preferred to itinerate. He knew also that the current had set strongly toward a more popular speaker. He knew he could not now satisfy the people. He felt in a measure cast off.

Mr. Barnes returned from the East in the month of October. No arrangement had been made for a pastor. The desire of the Society to secure Mr. King had put confusion into the plans of Mr. Barnes

He returned to find a great change in the late peaceful parish. Several had left. A few desired him to preach. The mass were outspoken for some influential man—some brilliant, eloquent, magnanimous soul — who could take all classes into church and nourish them with his great thoughts. In the trenchant phrase then prevalent, and not now obsolete, they wanted "a big gun."

Mr. King was an able man. He wrote to the committee unexpectedly in November, that he was ready to settle with the Society. He was called and settled. He preached one year to good acceptance. The congregations were large. He gave a course of valuable doctrinal sermons. He organized a church, and established conference meetings, for which the Society feels grateful to this day. He engaged for a second year, and soon after astonished his morning congregation by giving notice that he should preach his valedictory in the evening. He did so, and immediately left town, not again to return as pastor of the Universalist Society.

Mr. King was evidently indiscreet. There are many who even think that he was false to the high morality which should be practised by a minister of Jesus Christ. But if I must err, I choose to err on the side of charity. I know that he preached effectively, and scattered the seed of truth broadcast. But I also know that, either innocently or otherwise, his conduct was such as to neutralize, in a measure, the effect of his preaching. I am not prepared to pronounce judgment, and should not, were I prepared. But in order to make clear events which followed, it is ne-

cessary to state the fact that a serious damage came to the cause during Mr. King's ministry.

Soon after Mr. Barnes returned from the East (and while Mr. King was preaching in St. Anthony), he began a regular system of itinerating. He did much hard work, and became the herald of good news to hundreds who had never heard a Universalist sermon before. In the summer of 1860, a State Convention was formed, which was designed to be only temporary, but which was not superseded until 1866. He was watchful of the interests of the entire State, and was everywhere revered as a trustworthy and saintly man. He was the rock on which the Universalism of the State rested, and was so regarded.

I have said that a change gradually came over him in the later years of his life. I may speak of one that took place about this time. He had always been subject to moods of despondency, during which he would sit for hours at a time, looking into vacancy, speechless, suffering much, and not to be aroused. If any one tried to cheer him it only made him more sad. He desired to be alone, to brood over his sorrows. Now, these passed away. No reason could be assigned; he knew of none himself. None, unless it was that he had advanced farther on his journey toward perfection. He began to ripen in that spiritual atmosphere which he loved so well. His faith deepened; his charity extended; in every sense he approached the heavenly. Never after this season did he have any return of these moods. They were swept away as if by wings of angels.

In the Fall of 1860, he went to La Crosse, to build

up a Society in that thriving town. He remained until Spring, devoting a part of the time to spreading the truth over the southern part of Minnesota. He preached in Rochester, Mantorville, and numerous places which I need not name. Soon after he went to La Crosse, Mr. King left St. Anthony, and the Society was again afloat. I have in my possession some letters written to Mr. Barnes, by different individuals in St. Anthony, while he was at La Crosse. These letters show conclusively, what I can in no other way show so well, as to make extracts. A period of candidate preaching, with lay reading, interspersed to fill up the interstices, had been entered upon at once, on the departure of Mr. King. The Society had become fastidious. Several good men preached as candidates, and among others, the Rev. Mr. D., for several years pastor of one of our Societies in Massachusetts, and a most worthy and able man. He went to St. Anthony at the suggestion of Rev. D. P. Livermore.

The following letter from Mr. Barnes, addressed to one of the trustees, is calculated to throw light on the whole matter, give his views of candidating, and explain extracts which follow:

"La Crosse, March 1, 1861.

"*Br. Merriman:*

"After perils by sea and land, I am once more "safely back in La Crosse. I returned this morning "early, and having staged it for two nights, do not "feel very bright this morning. But learning on my "return here, that Br. D. had been here and gone to "St. Anthony, I want to say a word to you, before "he is long with you.

"I wanted to have seen him, had some talk with "him, and passed my own judgment upon him. You "know we all think a good deal of our own opin- "ions and cute discernment. As we are none of us "personally acquainted with Br. D., my suggestions "are, give him to understand that, as a people, you "shall want to become acquainted with him, or any "other man, before you settle him as a pastor. Do "not give him too much assurance until you have "had time to give him a trial, and become well ac- "quainted with him. Do not think you cannot get "a man that will suit if he does not, for you can. "Notice the peculiarities of his pastoral suggestions, "his ideas of denominational interests and import- "ance; his methods of operation; the manner of "his meeting complicated notions, and plans of "others; whether he easily yields his own predilec- "tions to suit all parties, or whether he has a fixed "method of his own, based upon principle, and ad- "heres to it, and what the *spirit* of that adherence. "From noticing these things with others, correctness "of doctrine in the pulpit, &c., you may know the "man. Unless heart and soul is in denominational "interests, you do not want him. You are not under "any obligations to him, and if you do not find him "to be *the* man, of course you will act accordingly. "Do not let anything I may have said at St. Anthony "induce you to give him any more favorable consid- "eration than you otherwise would, for I do not "know him. Regard him simply as a candidate for "the place. If you are favorably impressed with "him, let him be with you three or four months be- "fore you give him an invitation to settle, or seek to "make any arrangements to that effect. Wait till "you know him. Understand that I have had no "correspondence with him, which promised your ac- "ceptance of him; he is with you at his call for an "appointment, and stands upon his own merits.

"Perhaps this is all unnecessary for me to write, but

"as I did not see him, I wanted to suggest a little "cautiousness, and have you take all necessary time "before you engage him or any other man.

"Of course you will let me hear what are your "first impressions, and how they are borne out.

"With many kind remembrances of you and yours, "I remain as ever, S. BARNES."

"P. S. Just as I had finished the above, your "letter was brought me from the post office. It is re- "plied to by the unexpected presence of Br. D. in St. "Anthony. I have also read a copy of his letter, "which I had not seen before, so I understand how "matters are. And with all these considerations I "feel to present to your attention what I had here "written before I had seen these letters. I do not "think a week or two sufficient for your acquaintance "with any man not personally known to us. I un- "derstand from Br. D.'s letter, that he expects to "have the whole matter disposed of in that time. It "is your privilege to say frankly to him, if he wishes "this, that you are not prepared to take any such "action. As to his remarks on candidates, they are "well enough. [Mr. D. had written:—"And by the "way, I will not consent to run a tilt with any other "candidate. When the parish have disposed of me, "they can attend to other cases. I must be *the* man "for the field, or let the committee send me from a "sphere where I do not belong. Nay! I do not "want to for once *think* I am a candidate. I detest "horse racing; especially when stakes are pending."] Mr. Barnes continues:—"You are not taking time to "try the speed and strength of different nags, and "to compare his powers with others. Not at all. "But want to know whether *he is the man you want "to settle as a pastor.* If he is, you want him; if "he is not, you don't want him, and this fact you "must be satisfied of. And you want him to prove "the matter. This is all there is about it. An ob-

"jection to this is good cause for suspicion, and evi-
"dence that you require some acquaintance. Two
"or three Sundays are plenty of time to decide
"whether you will invite him to tarry a few months
"and make the trial, but not time for the trial. And
"of course you do not want him for a temporary en-
"gagement unless there is a probability of both par-
"ties being satisfied that it will result in a settlement.
"Need I say more? You all know me well enough
"to understand my opinion. Let nothing be done
"hastily, or from any momentary impulse. If Br.
"D. is the man you want, he will take a reasonable
"view of matters, and justify your prudence and
"caution. I think your question should not be, is
"he the best man we can get, but, is he the man we
"wish? Let that govern your action.

"S. B."

I think I may be pardoned for calling attention to one thought in this letter. Mr. Barnes says three or four Sundays preaching is sufficient to determine whether a Society will ask a man to remain three or four months for trial, but not enough for the trial. I need enter into no argument to sustain this position of Mr. Barnes. A bad man or a simpleton can get through three or four Sundays tolerably well, while the three or four months is likely to expose them. It is absurd to pass upon the merits of a man who comes as a stranger, in three or four Sundays. There are plenty of men with reputations established, whom societies may safely call without trial, but if there is to be a trial at all, then four months is not too much time in which to make it. Candidate preaching, as commonly practiced in our denomination, cannot be too severely condemned. It is a farce. Neither party is much the wiser for it.

In regard to the candidating at St. Anthony, the following extracts will, I think, demonstrate that the criticism cut close. I commend them to young clergymen offering themselves as candidates. These are mild in comparison with some in my posession, bearing against other parties. These concern Rev. Mr. D. Mr. King left in January, and in March following, Mr. D. was on the ground. These are from laymen.

"ST. ANTHONY, March 11, 1861.

"*Br. Barnes:*

"Your favor of the 1st has been received, and "contents carefully noted. We much regret that "Mr D. and yourself failed to connect at La Crosse. "By a few hours conversation, you could have deter- "mined many of the matters suggested in your let- "ter, probably much better than we shall be able to do. "My impression is that Br. D. is very generally re- "garded by the friends as a man of more than an "average share of what in these times, is termed "'spirituality.' He has given us two written and "two extemporaneous discourses. The former have "been well received; the latter not. From the little "I have seen and heard, as a friend of Br. D., I should "advise him never again to attempt to extemporize "a sermon. It may do for a temperance lecture, or "some other very loose performance. All who at- "tended conference and prayer meeting last Tues- "day evening, were much pleased with Br. D. His "prayers are especially effective. His manner is de- "cidedly against him—and I may as well admit here "that I formed a foolish prejudice against him from "the letter forwarded to me, and what is to my dis- "credit, I am unable to give any satisfactory reason "for it. And when Br. D. came, his appearance, "manner, &c., &c., strengthened instead of undoing "this feeling. But these are matters which shall not

"be allowed to have any undue influence upon my "action in relation to his settlement among us. * * "* * * * At present I should not like to op- "pose him, nor am I prepared to favor him. Proba- "bly the taking of the position suggested by you, "would result in his practical rejection. There are "some difficulties in the way of uniting upon almost "any one. For instance, a portion of the people "would be entirely satisfied with a man of very or- "dinary pulpit powers, provided he were a good "spiritually minded man. Others would not seem to "care if their preacher was under the control of the "world, the flesh and the devil, provided only that "he could charm in the desk. I have no hesitancy "in choosing with whom I will act as between these "two classes. * * * * * *

"Now, it seems to me desirable, if possible, to so "conduct this matter as to leave all nearly satisfied. "For if a man is called who does not suit the portion "of our people who most need the influence and the "aid of the church, they will entirely withdraw them- "selves. Yet I would prefer that they should go "(were we reduced to that alternative) rather than "drag down the spiritual, the Christian element in "our communion to the low level of some eminent "declaimer. * * * * *

"Now would it not be well for you, under the "circumstances, to ascertain about Br. S——, so that "you could advise us in his case, should it turn out "as I anticipate with regard to Br. D.? Could you "satisfy your own mind that Br. S. is the man for "us, and so advise? That would doubtless settle the "matter more satisfactorily than it could be done in "any other way, and upon the authority of you two, "negotiations might be made without the interven- "tion of a trial. * * * * You know "that I have not been among those who think de- "struction awaits us unless we have a preacher forth- "with. I prefer to take all necessary time."

"ST. ANTHONY, March 19, 1861.

"*Br. Barnes:*

"I have seen very little of Br. D. in private. "Have been pretty busy, and therefore not able to "devote as much time to him as politeness would "otherwise require. Last evening I met him in one "of the stores. He told me that he desired to see "me, and have a frank, straight-forward talk about "matters. Said he was very much in the fog. To "which I answered that I was at his service at any "time, and that anything within my knowledge which "he desired to know, would be very frankly com-"municated.

"From his actions, and some slight remarks, I "judged that he had been advised that we are terribly "divided, filled with dissensions, &c. I don't know "who could have intimated any such thing. No one "can have done so except some person who judges "from mere surface indications. Br. D. is very sen-"sitive, and feels the peculiarity, or to him, the "awkwardness, of his position, very keenly.

"I incline to the opinion that he is gaining ground "every day, overcoming one by one, the prejudices "against him. He is a genial, pleasant man, and so "far as I can judge, is governed in his daily walk and "conversation by Christian principles. Well—the "long and short of the matter is here—if his propo-"sition be as I have before understood it to be, he "will be rejected. Should he propose to come and "remain for one year or less, I incline to the opinion "that the vote would be favorable. I stand just here. "I like him very well thus far, but do not know "enough of him to feel justified in inviting him to "settle. He may, for aught I know, be the very best "man we can get, but we need to be convinced of "this. We have a meeting next Saturday night, to "take the matter into consideration I shall, in the "meantime, have a plain talk with him, tell him frank-

"ly what I think, and what I believe to be the feeling "of the friends."

The following extracts from letters written by another layman, show the quality, or at least the keenness, of these laymen's minds. They also give an idea of the condition of the Society, and of Mr. Barnes' relations to it.

"ST. ANTHONY, March 7, 1861.

"*Br. Barnes:*

"I thought it my duty to keep you posted as to "the progress of Br. D.'s impressions upon our "Universalist community, while preaching to us tem- "porarily, with a view to permanent settlement; and "to do so properly, I think it better to do it by piece- "meal, a little to-day, and a little to-morrow, and so "on, until after next Sunday's preaching, and then "send you the whole. I wrote you a day or two since, "giving you my impressions of his first days labor, "but in my hurry, I forgot to mention some very "marked and prominent peculiarities, which, with "some, will form, as it has already proved, a serious "objection to his settlement. I allude to an awkward "shrugging of his shoulders, and tossing around his "head, and making very quick and long sweeping ges- "tures, and the drawing many words out to an unusual "length, giving to each syllable of a word, whether "emphatic or not, the same stress and force. These "make a deep impression upon our minds at this "time, because he is a stranger, and they are new to "us, but as we become familiar with him, they will "all disappear. He has too what many dislike, but "I do not, all the fire, zeal and fervor of an ardent "Methodist, using in his earnest and warmer mo- "ments, many of their expressions, such as, 'Lord, "revive thy work,' and 'Pour out thy spirit, O Lord,' "Now these are all the peculiarities I can discover in "him in the pulpit. * * * *

"In the Conference meeting on Tuesday evening,

"every one present was exceedingly well pleased,
"There were but few present, owing doubtless in part
"to the unpleasantness of the weather. He was al-
"most entirely natural. He was fervent, and emi-
"nently spiritual and able in his remarks and prayers.
"I reiterate what I said in that letter in relation to
"his power—I mean by this the able and thorough
"treatment of his subjects, independent of his de-
"fects of manner and style. Perhaps I ought not to
"come to any conclusion from one sermon, for it is
"quite frequently the case that a candidate will give
"us his best production at such times. To-night he
"goes to my house, when I can learn more in relation
"to his peculiar views about denominational work,
"&c. * * * * * * In respect to
"pastoral duties, I am inclined to think he is all we
"could wish. Of this we can know more when we
"hear what impressions he makes upon different
"persons in their own homes. * * * I will
"give you as far as I have learned, the different views
"and impressions up to this time of various of our
"people. They all may have occasion to change
"their minds when better acquainted. Mr. A., and
"all his friends and immediate relatives like him
"much Father B., I am satisfied, from a word
"dropped in relation to conference meetings, has not
"a very exalted opinion of him—but in conference
"meeting he was pleased with his remarks and man-
"ner. Mrs. C. does not like him on account of his
"manners in the desk. Mrs. D. and E. do not like
"him, because he is too much like the Methodists—
"though Mrs. E. liked him very much until she knew
"Mrs. D.'s opinion. F. thinks from his appearance,
"and particularly from his eye, that he is not a good
"man. You know how quick he is to judge from
"appearances, and how hard it is to change his mind.
"Mrs. G. does not like him. Old Mrs. H and
"daughters are very favorably impressed. They
"think him a Christian man, and exemplary in all re-

"spects. * * * * * But all these
"impressions may change upon further acquaintance.
"I like your suggestions of caution, although I am
"very impulsive. I shall try to heed them, and let them
"be the ruling principle of action. I am persuaded
"that he will not preach more than one month before
"we must decide on his case. He has intimated as
"much already. He has several other calls on hand,
"but he wishes to try this climate for his bronchial
"affection. * * * * * I am satisfied
"that he is all right on denominational preaching.
"believing in the ordinances, and opposed to carrying
"into the desk political topics. He believes in
"preaching the beauty of our faith, more than the
"horrors of those faiths opposed to us. In other
"words, he is an affirmative preacher, believing that
"more true progress can be made by a firm, decided
"and elevated course of pulpit ministrations, with
"the spiritual element largely predominating, than
"the *tear down*, *destructive* policy of some others.
"Yet I fear and believe that this people will not call
"him. They would not do so to-day, were they to
"vote on the question, because they have another's
"style and manner in the pulpit fresh in their minds,
"and they judge him by that. I can but see too
"plainly and forcibly, the pernicious effects of such
"a man as Br. K. to a church after he leaves. It
"spoils the people for any other kind of mental
"food. * * * I am frank to say,
"though I say it in all pain, that our Society here is
"in a most critical condition, just ready to fall to
"pieces. It will require the most prudent counsel
"and careful management to weather the storm. I
"am persuaded that you could do more for this peo-
"ple just now, than any other man on earth. They
"know you thoroughly and intimately, and you
"would instantly take your place in their minds, as
"you have in their affections, and all will be peace
"again. I did not think this so a month since, but I

"am fully persuaded of the fact now, and so is D. "Beneath the surface of our Society there is much "feeling of variance and discord and more or less "back-biting and fault finding, which I was aston- "ished to hear. Br. Fall attempted a day or two "since to collect the last quarter of Br. K.'s salary, "and apply it to the liquidation of the floating "debt of the church, but he met with so much oppo- "sition, in the shape of remarks, reflecting on the "integrity of the one into whose hands the money "goes, that he desisted, and consulted several, my- "self among the number, in relation to the propriety "of calling a meeting, and giving Mr. —— an op- "portunity to show where all the money that has "come into his hands has gone. Those refusing to "pay, place it on the ground that large sums have "gone into Mr.——'s hands, and they have no ac- "count of it, and they are tired of paying without "knowing where the money has gone, and many "things, of like, character, which you can imagine as "taking place, much better than I can detail them."

"*Saturday Morning.*

"I got your letter yesterday, and shall heed the "suggestions therein, and shall act with all caution "and prudence. I know I am apt to jump at con- "clusions, and make up my mind hastily, and with- "out due reflection, and hence your letter was very "timely. You would like the impressions of Mrs. "H. in relation to Br. D. I will give them as far as "I am advised. At first they were decidedly averse "to him, but the more she sees him, and learns his "views in regard to all matters, that aversion is "wearing away. Br. D is now stopping with Mr. "H., and they have a good opportunity to see him "intimately. I must confess that I do not like him "quite as well in familiar conversation as I did. As "to his views of the Bible, and the necessity of "preaching spiritual things, and distinctive Univer-

"salism, I think he is all right. He is not a very set "man, neither is he very self-conceited, nor do I "think he places himself first, nor that he thinks his "own advancement of more consequence than the "prosperity of the cause. But we have not been "acquainted with him long enough to decide abso- "lutely on this point; neither has he been brought "into contact with any very perplexing question, and "called on to decide, nor to intercede, and still the "troubled waters—none of these things have been "forced upon him, and hence are not developed. * * "* * * Last evening I accompanied him "to the Ladies' Union, which met at Mr. Carpenter's, "and on our way down he entered into conversation "in regard to his stay with us, and he expressed him- "self very freely. He said we must decide in his "case within four weeks from the time he came here, "positively, as he could not wait any longer, as he "has calls elsewhere, &c, &c., &c. He said we could "do it next week as well as any time. I suggested "the propriety of his staying with us three or four "months before positively engaging, saying that he "was a stranger to us, and we to him, and it would "take that time to become intimately acquainted. "Perhaps after he knew us better, there would be "many things he would really dislike, &c., &c., &c. "But I put it more particularly on the ground of "climate. He could in that time learn whether the "climate was beneficial or injurious—if the latter, "then he had no engagement to detain him against "his will, and if the contrary, it would be very easy "to form a permanent connection with us, and much "more of the same sort. He said that would not "suit him. He could not be away from his family "long on account of his health, nor could he afford "to break up housekeeping, and remove with his "family so long a distance on uncertainties, &c., &c. "I think there is force in what he says."

"*Monday Morning, March* 16, 1861.

"*Br. Barnes:*

"* * * * Br. D. preached morn-
"ing and evening yesterday to crowded houses. He
"draws large congregations. Many persons who
"disliked him the first Sunday have changed their
"minds, and I think that at the end of the four weeks
"they will be glad to get him—much more so than
"he will to come. He is much annoyed with ever-
"lasting contrasts, invidious to him, which are occa-
"sionally made. * * * * Mrs. H.
"now admits that he is the man for us, if we can get
"him. She has taken great pains to become ac-
"quainted with him, and she says emphatically that
"she likes him more and more. One other fault I
"find in him, and that is his evident attempt to grasp
"great swelling words and grand expressions. I
"think this detracts much from his effectiveness, but
"these are minor objections. * * * Mr.
"and Mrs. Knight have been up and heard him. In
"the morning they liked him exceedingly, but in the
"evening not so well. His two Sunday evening ser-
"mons have been extemporaneous, and have not given
"very general satisfaction. His subject last evening
"was the condition of the murderer who died in the
"act of committing the offence. I think he did not
"do the subject justice—seemed to generalize too
"much. Now I have written you a long letter, made
"up of odds and ends. You need not answer it if
"you have not the time. I know your views in rela-
"tion to a pastor, and they need no repetition to
"insure them respect and attention. One thing I
"wish to say before closing, and that is I do not
"think Br. D. is very anxious for a call. He certainly
"does not appear so, and has intimated as much to
"Mrs H. This morning he expressed himself to
"the effect that he thought he should not remain, but
"I am satisfied he will be governed by our desires

"and wishes. I will write you again after next "Sunday."

When we consider that Rev. Mr. D. was one of the purest and ablest men in the order, and yet, that laymen could thus dissect him, we have enough to furnish matter for thought to the timid, when preaching as candidates.

The Society gave Mr. D. a call, and a loud call, but as it was not unanimous, he declined.

Probably but few other men could have secured the unanimity which he secured. There was so much division that no one was likely to receive the votes of all. After he left, the Society was engaged in hearing candidates for somewhat more than a year. All the members became heartily sick of candidate hearing, and the church lost in position, influence and numbers.

And all this time, counting in the winter at La Crosse, Mr. Barnes was itinerating, having also the charge of the St. Anthony parish in effect. For the entire year after Mr. D. left, while candidates were coming and going, he preached to fill the gaps between the candidates, residing all the time where he had from the first—in a pleasant cottage house in St. Anthony. His health was measurably good, and he would have been glad of an opportunity to settle again with the Society. But there were a considerable number who were unable to feel satisfied with his preaching. Indeed, there were many who desired Mr. Barnes to settle with the Society, but the wish was not unanimous.

Feebler and feebler beat the pulse of the Church.

The tide ebbed almost to the barren sand. The Sunday School alone held on its course steadily, retaining its numbers and effectiveness. People grew more and more disgusted with occasional preaching. Lower flickered the flame. In a statement which lies before me, written at the time by an active member, I find these words: "The Society meanwhile became much reduced; it actually went down to the faithful few who always stand in the breach."

Out of the strength which Mr. Barnes gave the Society, the church was built. Only because he watched it carefully, was it able to survive the unsettled period between 1858 and 1862. Fearing that I should cause pain to some who live among us, I have abstained from drawing the picture as darkly as the facts would justify. Universalism was at a discount in Minnesota. The State, and the whole West, and the entire denomination has reason to be grateful to Mr. Barnes. Here now is the strongest centre, in proportion to numbers, of any place in the West. Minnesota has a hopeful future for Liberal Christianity. She has it because of Mr. Barnes' fidelity. After receiving the treatment which he had received there are few who would not have abandoned all hope. But he allowed nothing to awaken resentment, and no shadows to stand between him and his faith. St. Anthony has sent out colonies of Universalists to all parts of the State, and is now the stronghold of the denomination in Minnesota. In proportion to its inhabitants, it has many more Universalists than any other town. And this solidity is due to Mr. Barnes.

IX.

LAST SETTLEMENT IN ST. ANTHONY.

After this long hearing of candidates, the Society became utterly disheartened, and shut up the church. It remained shut not a long time. Mr. Barnes still resided in town, and still stood ready to help whenever his help should be required. One day he met one of his parishioners on the street—a Mr. Emerson, well and favorably known—who expressed himself as being hungry for some of the old substantial food. Though not a wealthy man, he proposed to Mr. Barnes to go into the church and preach three Sundays for him. He would pay fifteen dollars, just for his own benefit. Mr. Barnes consented. The church was opened on the following Sunday. A good audience assembled. The interest was again fresh and strong. The church rallied. This was in the fall of 1862. After that time Mr. Barnes was the pastor of the Society up to the day of his death, which occurred on the twelfth of August, 1866.

The change which came over Mr. Barnes, the riper and more mellow Christian character, though gradual, was plainly visible to all. This last pastorate was pre-eminently successful. His opposition to the church had ceased, as he had now come to believe in the church, and the ordinances connected therewith. He appeared in some sense a new man. Heretofore he had done little of that work which is commonly

called pastoral. Now his whole soul seemed to be in the families of his parishioners. He visited much more than formerly, and because he enjoyed that labor (which was no longer labor), it was more effective. He had heretofore called upon the sick, was always kind and attentive, but not free in expression. Now he talked freely, and appeared to be at home in the sick room. His very presence was a comfort. He would talk of religion, read from the Bible, and pray. For the encouragement of young ministers, I make the record that he was nearly fifty years old before becoming entirely at home in the sick room, and then he became wonderfully effective.

He had conquered the feeling which had haunted him so long that the Society did not care for his services, and found that he was enshrined in its very heart of hearts. The Society had also recovered from its feeling that prosperity demanded a more powerful preacher. Some few who had been better pleased with others, did not return to the fold, but accessions were frequent and permanent. Death made inroads, cutting down the most useful sometimes, but somehow Mr. Barnes had such a power over death, that such events always strengthened the Society. A tie of love united all, and a great faith sustained.

One Summer Mr. Barnes was sick, and Rev. D. M. Reed supplied the desk. It is superfluous to say that the people loved Br. Reed. The Sunday School had a celebration that Summer, which Mr. Barnes hoped to attend, but when the morning came, he was unable to go. The sun shone beautifully, and the morning was lovely. But the affection of the children for

their pastor was such that they could not engage in the day's pleasures, without first giving a token of love to their pastor. Accordingly they marched from the church by the way of his house, to the spot they were intending to visit. He was just able to reach the gate of his yard. They sung, and he waved his hand affectionately, while tears filled his eyes. He did not expect to recover from this sickness. It was the same which had carried away his father at a like age, and he dared not hope for recovery. Moreover it was very painful. But he bore it with great composure, never once complaining. He would say that the prospect was sorry, but must soon end in a prospect unspeakably glorious.

There are many significant incidents connected with these closing years of his life which belong to his history. Better than any other description in detail, they will give an idea of his labors, and the feeling with which he was regarded. He became more earnest and enthusiastic, as well as more heavenly in spirit. The affection for him was pure and deep, beyond any thing else which has come under my personal observation.

Mr. Dorman, a well known citizen of St. Anthony, while returning from a hunting excursion, was shot, by the accidental discharge of his gun. While lying upon the ground, waiting for a conveyance to carry him home, he was permitted, in a vision, or dream, though he never slept, to visit the heavenly home. The earth, with all its shifting scenes, faded gradually from his sight, and he saw far away, and in the illimitable but illumined space, his Heavenly Father's love.

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[illegible] West St., Boston, Mass.

This love seemed blended with light, rather the indescribable light *was* the Father's love, and this light permeated everything. An invisible beckoning invited him on, and the feeling was strong within him, as it were intuitive knowledge, that this joy was prepared for all. Suddenly he returned to earth—to consciousness, and oh how dark everything appeared! On reaching home, physicians told him that he had but a few hours to stay upon the earth. Mr. Barnes prayed while the sufferer listened calmly, and at its close, he affectionately requested Mr. Barnes to officiate at his funeral. Dr. Bushnell was present, and his deep sympathy was apparent from the tears which coursed down his cheeks. The wounded man was his intimate friend. He recovered from this wound, though his friends believe that life was suspended for a moment, at the time of his vision. Four years later he came to his actual death bed. His mother asked him, when he was about to die, if he was permitted to see through the pearly gate. "No," he replied, "I am not far enough along." His sister said, "Dorlon, are you afraid to die?" "Oh, no," said he, his face wearing a seraphic look, "I am going home. I have been there before," referring to the time when he saw the wonderful love and light of God in vision. Indeed, during the time intervening between the vision and his death, four years as before stated, his faith was unbounded, and his earnestness and serenity, carried conviction to all hearts. In this last hour of his need, he leaned affectionately upon Mr. Barnes, again inviting him to speak at his funeral. Though tenderly solicitous for the happiness of his

aged parents and young children, he yielded his pure spirit to his Heavenly Father, passing away triumphantly, bringing forcibly to the mind the words, "O! death, where is thy sting!" And after his death (he had been the idol of the parents' hearts while he lived), Mr. Barnes in a measure took his place. The trust and affection existing between him and the aged parents, became touching in the extreme. He was always with them on birthday occasions, and his prayers were remembered and cherished, exerting their hallowed influence through the year.

The following waif has floated into my hands, and I give it to others as it came to me, only premising that Mrs. Farnham here alluded to, was once a Congregationalist, now a firm believer in the final redemption of all souls, an active, faithful and devoted Christian woman. God took a child from her whom she dearly loved.

"When Mrs. Farnham knew that the silvery cord
"was indeed loosed, and the spirit of her child had
"truly taken its flight, her agony knew no bounds.
"All day she suffered intensely, and the night prom-
"ised no rest. Our Heavenly Father, in his tender
"mercy, vouchsafed a beautiful dream to her, in which
"she saw her darling, radiantly happy, borne between
"two angels, far away to the new home. She in-
"stantly awoke her husband, and told him that the
"vision had dispelled her anguish, and brought sweet
"peace to her soul.

"The next morning her pastor, a Congregationalist
"clergyman, came to comfort her in her grief. He
"talked, he prayed, and bending over the loved form
"so beautiful in death, besought the mother to set her
"house in order, else she might never meet her child

"again. The words brought back the agony which "her dream had so effectually dissipated, and she "cried, 'O God! this doubt will paralyze me; I am "turning to stone. Great One, who lovest me ten "thousand times more than I do this babe, canst thou "forbid our meeting?' Then turning to her pastor, "she said, 'I will not believe it; I pray you send "for Mr. Barnes.' Mr. Barnes was sent for, as "the only means of comforting her. When he "came, he presented his faith, ever potent to heal, "and said confidently that God would not cast off "forever, but would, in his own good time, reunite "all broken families. This doctrine is of Christ, for "he said, 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will "draw all men unto me.' Nothing could reconcile "this mother to the loss of her child, save the hope "to meet again. Mr. Barnes so comforted her that "he was invited to unite with the Congregationalist "clergyman in the funeral services. The Congrega-"tionalist clergyman, however, though Mrs. Farn-"ham's pastor at the time, refused to recognize Mr. "Barnes as a minister, even at a funeral, and attended "in the capacity of a friend. The consequence was, "that this afflicted family, feeling their own faith "powerless in the time of need, forsook it, and ever "after gave their support to the upbuilding of the "true and loving one."

One peculiarity which impressed all who came in contact with him, was his charity. A young man, since deceased, learning that Mr. Barnes' biography was to be prepared, desired to inform me how Mr. Barnes once rebuked him. He, in company with several others, was keenly dissecting the character of a comrade who was absent. While talking in the usual thoughtless manner, he raised his eyes to look at Mr. Barnes, who was listening. There was an expression

on that face of mingled reproach and sorrow, which said plainly, 'Say nothing of the absent, unless you can say something good.' The expression was understood, and had an effect more lasting than words could have had. Mr. Barnes' face expressed much.

Beautiful was the life and death of Florence Todd, and that beauty was intervoven with the life of Mr. Barnes. She was reared in the Congregationalist church, and suffered great pain in her mind—pain which those who have been placed in like circumstances can appreciate, but which others cannot. Often she would retire for the night, burdened with the fear that she might awake in hell. The relief which she experienced when she came into the Universalist faith was like rolling off a very heavy burden. Her joy appeared complete. She died when only eighteen years of age, and was a Sunday School teacher for some time previous to her death. Young, frail, gentle Christian that she was, she would go in the morning to talk of her faith. She desired to live for that faith, to work for it, and for no other reason. She ascertained that her parents, while expecting her death shortly, were careful not to make any allusions to the event in her presence, lest they should cause pain. "How singular it is," she would say, "that my parents are careful about alluding to my condition. Death has no terrors for me. I fear no evil. I want nothing gloomy about my funeral. I want the Sunday School present, and I want Br. Barnes should talk to my friends, but I want only words of hope." She was one of those persons of rare loveliness, so seldom met. She united with the church a little time

before her death, in presence of the congregation. It was an affecting scene, standing, as all knew she did, on the threshold of the beautiful land. She was so weak when she united as to be unable to rise, and was assisted by her pastor. She died without a murmur, rejoicing in an unspeakable faith. So young, and so interesting, and so earnest in talking with all who visited her, she did much for the blessed faith which supported her.

Another instance somewhat remarkable was that of Charles Cushing, a young man not specially trained to love the church. When only fourteen, for some reason he began to attend meetings, and became interested in the Sunday School. He became attached to Mr. Barnes. Although not urged thereto by his family, he was never absent. He engaged to work on the Railroad, running upon the engine, and every Sunday he would go from St. Paul to St. Anthony, on a hand car, for the sake of being present at church and Sunday School. He died when quite young, and died so triumphantly, that others, knowing the circumstances, were greatly impressed. He would talk of his approaching death as calmly as though he were only going a journey. He wanted to see Mr. Barnes every day. He exhorted his mother to keep the children in the Sunday School, declaring all his faith and joy was due to that and Sabbath meetings.

Another instance which attracted attention, was the life and death of Warren Carlton. He was a member of the Episcopal Church but he attended a few times where Mr. Barnes preached, and would go nowhere

else ever after. He went to California, and returned broken down in constitution, but upright, and with faith undimmed On his return, his mother and sisters still being Episcopalians, and he a member of that church, the clergyman of that order called to see him. But though he permitted him to visit at his dying bed, he asked at once to see Mr. Barnes. He felt that he must see him, and was never satisfied until Mr. Barnes came. This conflict in the family—his mother and sisters desiring him to receive the ministrations of the Episcopal clergymen, and he satisfied with no one but Mr. Barnes, was the means of the facts becoming widely known. He declared that he had been able to endure the temptations of California, through the strength obtained by means of Mr. Barnes' sermons. He was always happy, during his sickness when Mr. Barnes was present. However uneasy he might be, the presence of his pastor soothed him, The tie which united them was remarkable. He had no fear of death, but rejoiced the more as the hour drew near. Hundreds knowing the circumstances felt respect for the faith of so much power in the presence of death.

A friend hands me the following:

"A young man of reckless habits enlisted to fight "for the dear old flag. Upon taking leave of his "mother, he took both her hands in his, and with "tears streaming down his cheeks, said, 'Mother, I "will be a good boy, and win honors for you!' He "succeeded so well that his captain went in person and "told her of his nobleness. After spending a fur-"lough at home, full of bright hopes, he returned to "Chicago to join his regiment. There he met com-

"rades who put to his lips the cup that made him "mad. Words rose high, and blows followed, and "in the affray, the cold steel entered his heart Who "can picture the anguish of that mother when the "sad intelligence reached her? To whom could she "apply for comfort? Where could she go to find "the promise of peace? Not a clergyman, save Mr. "Barnes, dare she see. Well she knew that he alone "held the torch of faith which could then throw "light along her darkened path. And although she "never attended his church, she cried in agony, 'Let "him pray over my dear but impenitent boy.' And oh, "how beautifully did he prove that by following the "example of the loving Saviour, he could pour the "oil of joy into that stricken heart, without even "asking the cause of her grief. Yes, the alabaster box "contained perfume enough to fill the room. She "found what she so earnestly sought, and what she "could find nowhere else, ground upon which to build "a hope of a future meeting with her boy, when both "should be redeemed."

Mrs. Wensinger was the wife of a Roman Catholic —a quiet woman, but devoted to Mr. Barnes and the Universalist faith. When upon her death bed she would talk confidently of the future home. Many were led to have respect for the faith through her. She would pray with such fervor as to seem at intervals inspired. "How beautiful our faith makes death appear," she would say, "and how meagre all others seem in comparison." Mr. Barnes baptized her upon her death bed, and soon after she breathed her last in the joyful hope of immortal life.

Mrs. Fall was everywhere known in the community, and known as one of the best of earth. She had formerly belonged to the Methodist church, but was

led out into greater light. She became converted under the preaching of Mr. King, and would never hear a word said in derogation of his fair fame. "Remember," she would say, "that I should not have been a Universalist but for him." She suffered from a disease which afforded no intermission of rest, yet she never complained. Her sickness was known through the town, and her great faith was also known. She had been an ardent patriot, and her charities to the soldiers had endeared her to all people. She was unselfish, thinking of others' needs before her own. She desired much to see her Methodist friends, and tell them the joy which she felt in believing all souls would be redeemed through Jesus Christ. But only one ever called in all her long sickness. She censured herself for not avowing sooner her convictions of the triumph of good over evil, declaring that she had sinned against light. But she was one of the purest of earth. The faith amounted to knowledge with her. Not a doubt—no questioning of the soul—but all as clear as noonday. It was refreshing to hear her talk and some rays of light fell upon many darkened minds as they listened to her glowing words. She died in Christian resignation, believing in a Christian triumph which should embrace the world.

In addition, Mr. Barnes attended a great many funerals, and thereby got possession of the hearts of those who do not habitually attend church any where.

I am aware that those who witnessed these successive triumphant deaths to which I have referred, will be disappointed at seeing so little concerning them,

while others will doubt the propriety of saying so much. I have given a general idea in as few words as possible, and in no other way can I give so good an impression of the work which Mr. Barnes did in the closing years of his ministry. He found the hearts of the people. He applied religion where religion had peculiar power. He himself, having a faith which made the other world as real as another room in an earthly house, was able to comfort mourners as few have ever been able. He became necessary to many families. And his faith became respectable. It was fruitless for any person to slander Universalism in St. Anthony, except in the presence of those who knew nothing outside of their own denominational lives.

Only during the last year and a half of his life had I any personal acquaintance with Mr. Barnes. In April, 1865, I visited at his house for the first time. I was at the time fifteen hundred miles from home. I felt as though I stood on the verge of civilization, having never before lived in the West. I had no friends in all the country, save a young man, Rev. J. W. Keyes, who then resided in Minneapolis. I had not been fifteen minutes in Mr. Barnes' house before I felt at home. There was no parade, no stiff formality. There was no long faced piety, and I remember that one of the first remarks that Mr. Barnes made, which stuck in my memory, was that he was more afraid of very pious people than any others. He suspected cant. There was an air of home comfort and cordiality which I shall not soon forget. I

have seen the like in other cases, but never to the extent which I found it there.

I went to Minnesota to organize a Universalist Society in St. Paul. It had been represented to me that the Universalists there were anxious to secure the services of some one, and they were expecting me, and would be disappointed if I did not go. When I arrived in St. Paul, I found no one expecting me. I found no one that knew of more than half a dozen Universalist families in the city. I was informed by Russel Blakely, Esq., the leading man in the parish, that they did not feel ready to start, and that I had better return to New York. I suggested a trial, and all took hold heartily. Nevertheless, it was a new field. The people were not acquainted with one another, and the atmosphere of the Society, even after organization, though as good as earnest friends could make it, was not like what I had been accustomed to enjoy. I wish only to give an idea of what my feelings naturally would have been, and what I should have done in that time which I have not written about, but for Mr. Barnes, only my Heavenly Father knoweth. It was not in what he said. It was not in what he did. Neither did he often visit me, or write. But when I yearned for sympathy I found it in his house. When I was troubled, there I became soothed.

During the first Summer, I, with others, accompanied Mr. Barnes to St. Cloud, to ordain Rev. J. H. Ballou, and hold a two days' meeting. I could hardly say I was acquainted with him before that journey. Contrary to my expectations, I found him a lively and sprightly companion, spirited, and with a keen

appreciation of the picturesque and the beautiful. He seemed so genial, and his Society so much attached to him, and life so pleasant, I did not conceive that any cloud overshadowed him. He spoke of certain local feelings, which I repeat here, to show that under that gray haired serenity, shadows slept. Vain is the search for a life without its shadows.

He spoke of himself. He said that he knew he had ceased to be an attractive preacher, and that he had suffered much in consequence. He was suffering then. He did not like to preach in St. Cloud, because he thought the people would prefer to hear some one else there present. He referred to Minneapolis—within a stone's throw of St. Anthony. He did not enjoy preaching there. The people did not seem cordial, and hearty, and devotional; and it troubled him. It was one of his trials. He was sensitive, but incapable of envy. As little a thing as this, he said, had often made him heavy-hearted for days.

I found Mr. Barnes what Emerson calls a man of the world. His knowledge was not confined to Universalist theology, or to theology of any kind. He did not think in any narrow channel. Many people who thought themselves in advance of him, or thought some more communicative preacher in advance of him, were mistaken in both cases. I stopped at his house frequently all in all, and conversed with him much. He had no faculty of appearing wise, or of using advantageously to himself the knowledge he possessed. His sermons convey no idea of his general information, or of the clearness, depth, and extensiveness of his thinking. He would have suc-

ceeded better as a preacher, had he not divorced theology from other matters so entirely.

In the Autumn—in the last days of November—I, with others, accompanied him to Rockford, a small, thriving village, thirty miles west of St. Anthony. Though so late in the season, the weather was balmy and delightful. The meetings were well attended and pleasant in every respect. In a morning walk he said that he owned a tract of land some miles from where we then were, and he had often wished to occupy it. He loved the work of the ministry, but its many responsibilities and cares made him long for a quiet retreat wherein to pass the remainder of his days. His conversation on the subject revealed an unrest, a contention within, a struggle between desire and duty. He yearned for retirement and rest, yet loved the ministry, with all its sorrows.

The first and only time that he ever conversed with me in a general way about death and the future world, was on New Year's Day, at his own house—the beginning of the new year, 1866, the close of which he was not permitted to see. He asked me whether I held the restorationist theory of the future life. I answered that I did, and that I was tenacious of my views. He acknowledged his regret. He had been led to believe that I held with Hosea Ballou, that after death, neither sin nor suffering existed for man. He had learned that Mr. Keyes, then resident pastor at Minneapolis, advocated the idea of future punishment. He was sorry to find me standing with Mr. Keyes. He considered my position untenable and unscriptural, and a lengthy discussion followed. By

and by the conversation turned upon the subject of immortality more exclusively, and the skepticism which is so prevalent. He said the great question with the mass of the people was not whether there would be endless woe in the future, but whether there would be any future for either good or ill. He had been surprised at the numbers who failed to believe in immortality at all. He could not see why that should be. He thought it a reaction from the dogmatism of popular churches. As for himself, he said that he felt as certain of the future as the present. He could as easily conceive of his Heavenly Father's continuing him in existence after the dissolution of the body, as bringing him into existence in the first place. He believed death was like stepping from one room into another. He could not understand feelings of doubt.

He believed in miracles as miracles; not accepting the notion that they were performed in obedience to a law of nature not yet understood. He believed that Christ rose from the dead, the same Christ with the same body which was crucified, and that the entire system of Christianity rested on that historical fact. Until the resurrection the disciples did not believe. If it could be shown that the appearance of Jesus was a hallucination, he should regard Christianity without a foundation. He felt great reverence for Hosea Ballou, wrote in presence of his likeness, and believed with him on all important points.

He felt a very strong repugnance to the Episcopal Church, as I ascertained by his remarks upon more than one occasion. He thought that church governed

by policy. He considered it as exclusively a worldly institution—or if not exclusively, then very nearly so. He believed it to be more worldly than any other Protestant church. He gave certain weighty reasons for so thinking, which I need not here repeat.

He believed in amusements, and thought the church should control and superintend, but not abolish them. He raised no objections to dancing by the people of his charge. He did not fear the odium that would attach to the cause because of innocent recreation, though taken in an anti-orthodox manner.

Mr. Barnes was at the State Convention held in St. Paul, in June, 1866. At that Convention it was the wish of the majority that a new organization be effected. As Mr. Barnes had been instrumental in procuring the old organization, I felt that he would regret to see it entirely ignored. He said nothing to me of his opinions, for I was active in securing the new, but his feelings were manifest It was evident that division would come into our borders if he persisted in adhering to the old. I watched with great interest for a development of his course. I knew he felt the action as saying this: "We younger ministers, who have lately come from the East, know better what Minnesota wants, than the old residents, with years of experience." He felt the action as to some degree a rebuke. There was a struggle until he saw how deep were the wishes of the younger men, and then he joined heartily, sacrificing his feeling to a love of unity. I was proud of the man that moment. I thanked him from my heart, which he knew, as I knew his feelings, though no

words passed on the subject. My love for the man deepened sensibly from that hour.

I visited him only once after the State Convention previous to his death. The last conversation that I ever had with him was with reference to a church member of his, who resided in my parish; one who had suffered great pain in passing from a belief in endless woe to a belief in universal salvation. She had not fully believed at the time, though she was a member of his church. What the struggle cost her, only her Heavenly Father knows. Mr. Barnes asked me to do all in my power to lift the clouds that her faith might become perfect. I have since thought it fitting that these should be his last words to me. He manifested such an anxious and tender interest in her welfare. She gives thanks to God that through Mr. Barnes, she has been able to come into the sunlight of the faith. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

X.

MARRIED LIFE.

Mr. Barnes was married to Miss Dorilla C. Dorman, by Rev. D. Van Alstine, on the 26th of April, 1842. On account of the beauty and sanctity of his married life, I have decided to treat it in a chapter by itself, though the chapter be brief, and possibly devoid of interest to some.

The Dorman family of which Mrs. Barnes was a member, was in some respects a remarkable family. Emerson says that common sense is as rare as genius. The family has always possessed a very large measure of common sense; perhaps I ought to add American common sense, since I am persuaded that our native sense is the best in the world. Mr. Dorman has been a man of staunch integrity, of untiring industry and posessing an iron constitution, his vitality has been excelled only by few. He now lives an octogenarian, with snowy hair, and frame tottering, waiting for the Master to call him home. Mrs. Dorman has lived one of the most truly Christian lives of any person within the range of my acquaintance. She is yet able to walk to church, she speaks in conference meetings, and is as interested in the welfare of the good cause as any member of the flock. There is a family attachment, strong and beautiful. Mr. Barnes in temperament, taste, and the purity of his desires, in his love for the good, his simplicity, his rare con-

secration and fidelity, was well fitted to become a member of that family, to share its deepest joys and sorrows, and to utter its faith. During the quarter of a century that he was connected with the family, he was regarded as with them all, and of them. He trusted, and was trusted. The most implicit confidence and the tenderest love, existed through all the circle, during the whole time. And with the exception of six years at Jefferson, and one at Chicago, they lived near neighbors, during all those happy years of wedded life.

It was often remarked by those who were acquainted with Mr. Barnes, when living and pursuing his work, that his wife accompanied him wherever he went, and shared his hardships and his poverty. She shrunk not from her work in the little house in Chicago, in the discouraging times when blindness compelled him to leave the ministry, and struggle among the miners about Galena, in the one room occupied for so long a time in Jefferson, or in his new home in St. Anthony, The building into which they moved, on reaching St. Anthony, is still standing and would not be thought hardly worthy of any laboring man, though it is now considerably better than when occupied by Mr. Barnes. In no case, however humble his abode, or meagre the furniture, a word of complaint escaped the faithful woman who stood by his side to the last. On the contrary, she had such a cheerful way, so much vivacity and life, that all pillows were soft, and all rooms pleasant.

And in Illinois, in Wisconsin, and in Minnesota, she accompanied him in a very large share of his

travels. He never felt just right unless she could go, and she was lonely until his return. Especially in the later years of his life, he made few journeys unaccompanied by his wife. In several cases where I have attended special meetings for ordaining or missionary purposes, I have remarked that where other clergymen considered the difficulties of staging or bad roads too great to admit of being accompanied by their wives, Mrs. Barnes always accompanied her husband.

In sickness, and at houses of mourning, she was hardly less welcome than Mr. Barnes himself. There was always that in her voice and manner which told of a hearty sympathy in the soul. In all that work which has to do with consolation in bereavement, with comfort and care for the sick, and with help for the poor, she was an efficient helper, and did much toward earning the enviable reputation which Mr. Barnes acquired.

And how perfectly she filled his idea of an hostess to the countless numbers who came to stop for a night or a season. What perfect adaptation and harmony existed in their desires to make their house a home for all friends. It would have been impossible to have realized his ideal, had he not been blessed with a helper whose feelings were in accord with his own.

Within the sacred precincts of the family inclosure I seek not to penetrate. I asked no questions of the dead while he lived; I have asked none of the living. Let me not be misunderstood. I seek not to reveal, nay, not to discover myself, the impassioned attachment and joy of these souls. But as I could see that

something heavenly united them, and that it did not weaken with years, I thought it belonging to the life of the man. His biography would not have been complete without it. I wished to make the record for another reason; to add one more witness from the actors of real life, to the fact that human attachments are, beyond expression, pure and abiding.

Mr. Barnes said little of his domestic affairs—little of the relations of men and women. He was not one to talk extensively, except in a confidential manner, to some intimate friend. Once I attended an ordaining council, held in St. Cloud, at which Mr. Barnes was present. One evening while we were there, walking along by the river, or resting in some favored spot, he conversed for an hour on the general subject of marriage, and the laws and customs that ought to prevail, speaking also of those that do prevail. He had been preaching, and was in a conversational mood. I only said enough to maintain the conversation. His remarks on this occasion were elevated and refined, giving evidence of a pure heart and a sincere attachment. Upon this evening to which I refer, he uttered an expression of thankfulness to the Good Father for the blessedness which had attended him in his earthly home. These were the only words that I remember to have heard him utter concerning the marriage relation.

Very beautiful was the married life of Mr. Barnes. Very tender the tie which bound him to his wife. Very genial and homelike was the pastor's residence. Perhaps there had not been quite that serenity of life, had there not been a helper, a comforter, and a wise

counsellor at the hearthstone. The shades of our thoughts and lives are not to be uttered. Doubtless a richer and more heavenly life was granted to both, than would have been enjoyed by either, had they not shared that life mutually and together.

Very many times (though so often Mr. Barnes went accompanied by his wife) he went alone from home, he would return fatigued, cold,hungry, sometimes dispirited. The atmosphere of his home was always sufficient to cheer his heavy heart, and bring the joyous spirit back again. If he went away on business, he was eager to return as soon as it was done. If he went to attend a convention, he stopped for nothing after the meeting closed. No prospect of pleasure could ever allure him from his quiet home, for no prospect of pleasure could to him appear so inviting as the pleasures of that home. If he went to preach, he would return on the first train Monday morning, or start early when he went with his own conveyance.

In the course of his ministry he experienced considerable sickness. He was blind for months in Chicago, and partially blind for years. He suffered severely with fever and ague in Jefferson; he was too unwell a part of the time to preach while he lived in St. Anthony; and upon more than one occasion, he was brought to the verge of the grave. Few things could be more touching to those in the entire confidence of the family than the solicitude and unwearied care of Mrs. Barnes. I would fain speak at length, though such devotion of woman is no new thing, for I feel that better thoughts, purer and more holy, must result from the narration. Perhaps that

even the hope of elevating some, cannot justify further trespassing upon the hallowed ground of those who still reside among us.

Within the last few years Mrs. Barnes has been in feeble health. A part of the time she has been unable to leave the bed; much of the time she has been too feeble to leave the house. The greater portion of the time she has been able to ride, though only with great caution. Her sickness has been of that nature which tries the patience and forbearance of the one sick, and those having the care. Often she was very nervous—not herself—irritable, not to be pleased. This sickness has lasted, with more or less intensity, for years. During the time, Mr. Barnes took the entire care of her. Though he had the responsibility of the St. Anthony parish resting upon him, and in a large measure, the responsibility of the cause in Minnesota, yet he was never known to complain, or utter an impatient or an unkind word. Whatever the provocation he remained the same calm, cheerful, trustful, and attentive husband. Mrs. Barnes has herself said more than once, to her friends: "If ever there was an angel on earth, it is that husband of mine, for bearing with me as he has."

I may not linger. A certain sweet and tender relation made the home of Mr. Barnes one of the purest and happiest places upon earth. Like himself, when standing serene and upright, among thousands of the passionate and ungodly, his home stood calm and beautiful, among the multitude of homes. It was very peaceful and inviting, fit type of the perfect one above.

And when Mr. Barnes left the earthly for the heavenly, it is no wonder that darkness, almost impenetrable, came to the lone heart left behind. It did come. Nothing tends to dispel that darkness, save the hope of a union, soon to be, never afterwards to be severed. Many months have passed away since, on that August morning he entered his Father's house of many mansions. The overwhelming shock of sorrow has passed. And his earthly home remains as he left it, save his presence. His library is carefully preserved and guarded by loving hands. The placid face of Father Ballou, always so inspiring to Mr. Barnes, looks from its accustomed place on the wall. The pictures, books, and furnishing of the little study, are the same to-day, as when he left. The adjoining sitting room is the same. And the same two are there now, that have been for ten years past in that hospitable room, but one is invisible, save to the consciousness of the other. A large, life-like picture of the departed is his only manifestation to strangers. And there seems the olden calmness, peacefulness, and heavenly influence. No one can go into the apartments, and not feel stronger and more elevated, because of the influences hovering there. Beautiful, beautiful, oh, how beautiful! That home has ever been, and is now, the abode of simplicity, purity and trust.

XI.

A FRIENDLY TRIBUTE.

BY REV. W. E. MANLEY.

AUBURN, N. Y., March 26, 1867.

BR. BISBEE:—I have just received your letter, asking me to write out what I knew of the late Rev. Seth Barnes. You ask for "any incidents that I knew of him"—"how he lived, how he was regarded by others, the difficulties he encountered," &c.

I will comply with your request with great pleasure and to the best of my ability. I wish I could do so more to my own satisfaction. I only regret that I can not do justice to the subject. You also ask me to give "some account of Chicago at that time," having in view the connection of that city and the surrounding country, with Br. Barnes' ministry, while he resided in Chicago, or elsewhere in the State. This last I can do with better prospect of success, as I went West only a year or two after Br. Barnes.

I can hardly claim to have been intimate with Br. Barnes. I knew him, and feel that I knew him well. Still we were not often together; and when we met we did not remain together long, nor indulge in protracted conversation. There was a good reason for this, especially while we were both residing in Chicago. We were always at work. We had no time to visit. I had my Society duties to attend to. These were very arduous, including the preparation and delivery

of three sermons every week, nearly all the time I had charge of the First Society of Universalists. He had his paper to look after, and his Sunday appointments at the same time. I was in my study, or among my parishioners; and he was preparing editorial in his office, or on the wing in the country, looking after his subscribers.

In those days, we knew of no way to build up the cause of Universalism but to work for it. We doubt whether there is any better way to do it, under any circumstances; but if there is, certainly we had not found it out. Those who find it easy to build on the foundation which others have laid, would do well to recall, now and then, the labor and hardships and sacrifices, of those who went before them, and constructed the foundation on which they are now erecting the beautiful temple of truth.

Br. Barnes commenced his ministry in the State of New York; but he early became a pioneer in the West. He might have remained in New York, where there were plenty of societies needing his labors, and by which he could have been supported, without subjecting himself to the hardships of a pioneer life. He had talents that would have commanded a living salary, in the State of New York, or still further East. He was not, however, what would ordinarily be called an orator. He was not very popular as a speaker. But he was vigorous and energetic, both in the pulpit and out, more particularly the latter; and that made him successful, as it will any other man. He carried the same energy with him to his new field at the West, and became one of the most effective preachers and

workers in that new country. Without any disparagement of others, it is probably true, that no man ever did more for the cause of Universalism in the West and Northwest, than Br. Barnes.

I knew him as far back as when he preached at Salina, which was one of his earliest locations, if not the very first. I knew him still more intimately when he was settled at Perry, for I was located in an adjoining town, in the same county, and often exchanged with him. I am well acquainted with the Society in Perry, and I know that he is remembered by the older members, with the warmest feelings of affection.

He went West before I did, and it was through his influence that I was invited to come into that country; at first temporarily at Galena, and afterwards permanently at Chicago. In his travels, he had penetrated as far as Galena, situated on a tributary of the Mississippi, and but a few miles from that mighty river. It was the active centre of business for all the mining country in Western Illinois. The lead was brought in teams to Galena, and there shipped to the South, and was carried by way of New Orleans, to all parts of the world. The Fevre river, on which Galena is situated, is deep enough most of the season, to admit of the Mississippi steamboats, which come up to that place mainly for this purpose.

Br. Barnes had made the acquaintance of some of the most prominent citizens, in that singular and unique town, who were Universalists, and willing to make at least one strong effort to establish a permanent Universalist Society. Among them now living

as we think, are D. A. Barrows, S. W. McMaster, John G. Potts, and others.

At the suggestion of Br. Barnes, they sent for me to come and spend three months with them, and offered me a fair compensation for my services. I accepted the offer, being permitted by my Society to be absent that length of time; and having fulfilled the contract, I returned to my home in New York.

I could have settled there, and possibly something permanent might have been the result; but I was not quite pleased with the prospect, and declined making the arrangement. Br. Barnes preached there occasionally afterwards, but all the influence of wealth and prosperity was against us, and nothing permanent was ever effected. We had some good friends there, and we have some now; but they have long since given up all thought of raising up a Society of our faith. Some go to other churches, and some to none. They have concluded that the great body of the people are "joined to their idols," and the best way is to "let them alone." It is possible that, sometime, it may be best to act on a different principle; but for the present, it cannot be done with any better prospect than they had twenty-five years ago.

My term at Galena was in 1842. On my way thither, I called on Br. Barnes, at Rockford, Ill., where he was publishing his paper, "The Better Covenant." I remember that I had a pleasant visit with him, though he had not parted with one iota of his active business habits. I clearly saw what sort of a life he was leading. One day he was in the office, looking after the printers, preparing editorial, &c, and the next he was

forty or fifty miles away, attending a funeral, or preaching on the Sabbath, or looking after his subscribers. He obtained a ride for me, with a friend of his, in a private conveyance, the rest of the way to Galena. Mr. Robert Barker resided eighteen or twenty miles from Galena; but he agreed to see me safely through, and I was glad to avail myself of this opportunity, and escape from a tedious stage ride, of which I had had enough already.

The western country at that time was not very promising for the immediate building up of Universalism, much less for the support of a Universalist periodical. Few men would have ventured on an enterprise like this. The settlers were literally "few and far between." Often the traveler would cross a prairie of five, ten and even fifteen miles extent, without passing a single human habitation. The villages were ten, twenty or thirty miles apart, and they consisted, in their best estate, of a few cheap houses. Some idea may be formed of the state of the country, its lack of improvements, &c., by one single fact. I went from Chicago to Galena, by one route, and returned by another. One was a hundred and fifty miles, and the other a hundred and eighty. I do not believe the road was fenced, on both sides, so much as five miles, all told. A road having a fence on both sides, in a western phrase, was a *lane*. The whole amount of lane for this distance, would not have exceeded the above estimate. At the present time it would be difficult to cross the State in any direction, without finding the road fenced on both sides, nearly the whole distance. A mile of open

prairie, and unimproved, is an unusual sight to the traveler, while then a mile of lane was quite as unusual, even on the main thoroughfares. The whole country, between that time and the present, has, as if by magic, been converted into well cultivated farms, with good farm houses, and out-buildings, good roads, and all the other improvements of schools, churches, villages, cities, railroads, &c., which are to be found in the older States.

We say again that no one but Br. Barnes, or some other exactly like him, would have thought it possible to establish a paper like "The Better Covenant" in Illinois, in 1842. It was difficult enough in 1848, when the "New Covenant" was started by myself and Br. Day; and yet the increase of population had, in the interim, been going on in a manner almost unparalleled in the history of new settlements.

But with all the difficulties that beset such an enterprise as "The Better Covenant," it was not a rash undertaking. On the contrary, its establishment was well-timed. Br. Barnes saw, what others have not seen so clearly, how important and necessary it was to take possession of the country, and to occupy the ground before it had been secured by those of a different faith; who, once established, would use all their exertions to keep us out. This was a favorite idea with him; and the influence of his paper aided him immensely in carrying it out. I remember too that he recommended the purchase of lots in all the towns and villages of the West, while they could be obtained cheap, so that they might be on hand when needed. And had this plan been carried out, the

good cause would have been in a much more favorable condition than at present. The children of Israel were condemned to wander in the wilderness forty years, because they would not go up and take possession of Canaan at the proper time; and we shall have to wander as long because we did not more effectually take possession of the country when our more faithful and far-seeing brother urged us to do so.

We have never been in the habit of laying out our work for the future as much as we ought. The Catholics are the only people who do this to any extent. In Chicago, many years ago, they had lots all over the city, and now, as the population is reckoned by hundreds of thousands, these lots come into use. If not wanted for church edifices, they are good property, and can be made available for other purposes. We ought to have done the same. It is matter of deep regret that we did not see the importance of this matter and act upon it more fully, and to better purpose.

I do not know how much information others have furnished on the growth of Chicago and the country generally, or of the peculiarities of the people. But being asked to furnish information on these topics, I will do the best I can.

"The Better Covenant" was taken from Rockford to St. Charles in 1842, or early in 1843, on account, I presume, of a partnership formed by Br. Barnes with Rev. Wm. Rounesville, who resided in the latter place. But it was soon after changed to Chicago, which, at that time, might have had four or five thousand inhabitants, nearly or quite one-half foreigners. Many

a single block of buildings could be selected at the present time, that is worth more than the whole city in 1842. It was not difficult, however, to be seen, that it would, some day, be a town of much more importance. No one presumed on anything like the growth that has actually taken place. Some of the most sanguine, thought it would probably, even in our day, contain a population of twenty-five or thirty thousand inhabitants! Few persons would express an idea so extravagant lest they be called fools or fanatics; but some did really think it would, some day, be equal to Detroit or Buffalo! A merchant once remarked to me, "How glad I shall be if we ever get a railroad to Chicago from the East, so that we can go to New York *in a week's time*!"

It was with the idea that Chicago was to be something of a place, that "The Better Covenant" was brought into the city. At that time it had but few advantages over Rockford or St. Charles. Indeed, it was not as central, having in view the circulation of the paper, as either of the other places. But in view of what it would be sometime, it was better to have the paper in Chicago. Preparatory to removing it into the city, I called a meeting of the Society, at the request of Br. Barnes, at which he presented the claims of the "Covenant," and obtained some funds to defray the expenses. I have the impression that there was a payment due on the press which he desired to liquidate before taking it from St. Charles; but I cannot be certain on this point. It is sufficient to say that he wanted some money and got it, as any one who knew him might easily presume he would.

I have his image distinctly in my mind, as he stood before that audience, urging the claims of the paper. It was an important instrumentality for building up our cause in general, and it would be particularly advantageous to the Society in the city. They had the same interest at stake as he, and should be willing to do something to help it forward. It would be a benefit to the place, as well as to the Society. These are some of the considerations which he urged with great emphasis. The Universalists of Chicago at that time were not rich, but what they could do, they did, and it was all that was needed for the purpose had in view.

Br. Barnes had none of the spread eagle style of oratory. He spoke to the point, and in short sentences, closing each important sentence with a quick short motion of the hand. He never moved but one hand at a time, and seldom lifted his arm higher than his shoulder. It was mainly the keen black eye that told on the mind of his hearer. It indicated clearly that he knew whereof he affirmed, and that he felt every sentiment he uttered.

I have the impression that the partnership with Br. Rounesville was unfortunate. Br. R. was a good writer and editor (and a poet withal), and was capable of preparing a good paper; but he was not good at financiering, and it was not long before the concern was found to be running behind. No amount of talent will sustain a weekly journal, unless accompanied by some considerable ability at financiering. How far this may have influenced Br. Barnes to sell out his interest in the paper, I cannot say. Others

will, perhaps, explain this matter better than I can. I was never consulted about the financial affairs of the paper, and cannot make any statement on this subject without danger of misrepresentation. I have always supposed that the unfortunate management of the "Covenant" during the partnership, by which it ran deeply in debt, was the principal reason for Br. Barnes leaving the concern. This is not said with any unkind feeling toward Br. Rounesville, with whom I have always been on good terms. I state what is unfortunately true of many others. We do not understand the use of money. This is perhaps no fault, morally. Certain it is, that some of our best men, orators, philosophers, and poets, have the same infirmity. But where financiering is essential to success, it is certainly a great misfortune not to be able to financier properly; and in no business is this trait more necessary than in publishing a weekly journal.

Br. Rounesville, after conducting the paper alone for a short period, took for a partner Cyrus B. Ingham. Still later, Mr. Ingham became the sole proprietor. He kept it in existence till 1847, when the list of subscribers was transferred to the "Star in the West."

Br. Barnes was frequently urged to buy back the "Covenant" before its final failure, and he expressed himself willing to do so if he could have it on reasonable terms. But as the proprietor could not well afford to sell unless he could get enough at least to cancel the indebtedness; and as the indebtedness had become too great for any one to pay, out of the concern, of course nothing could be done.

It was very important that there should be two

persons associated together, to make the paper a success; but the two should both be workers, and economical in all their management. I have known Br. Barnes wear a threadbare coat, because he could not afford a better one; and had he fallen upon a partner of the same stamp, there is no doubt they would have succeeded in making the paper a permanent institution. With one to do the duties required in the city, and another to traverse the country, and keep up an interest there in the paper, prosperity would have been secured.

Br. Barnes traveled extensively in the West while publishing the "Covenant," and he contributed much to the enjoyment of his friends, by giving the incidents of his travels. The inhabitants of the Northwest are now mainly Eastern people from New York and New England. But twenty-five years ago it was not so much so. At that time, there was quite a "sprinkling" of Southern people, from Southern Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, &c., and they had customs, habits, modes of speech, etc., to correspond. This was more the case in the country, than in the city. In Chicago the foreign element was conspicuous. The "Hoosiers" had their own peculiar customs, phrases, &c. If they thought any thing, they "reckoned." If they admitted any proposition, they "allowed" it was so. If they did not distinctly understand what you said, they did not say "what?" like Eastern people, but they said "which?" Many of them, expressing a willingness to investigate a subject, would put the accent on the last syllable, "investi*gate*." Some of them would ask where

you "profited" for where you preached. If you were a single man, you were "loose-footed." Whether they regarded the married as "foot-tied," deponent saith not. That is at least a fair inference. Stones of suitable size to take in your hand, and so down to mere pebbles, were called "rocks." Among Eastern people, a stone is not a rock, unless it is very large. A boy at Galena (the son of the gentleman I boarded with), came one day into the house in great excitement, saying that he caught up a rock, and threw at a cow, and broke her leg. I sympathized deeply with him till he came to the "rock," and then, with my idea of a rock, his taking up one to throw at the cow, was so ridiculous that I could with difficulty suppress a laugh in the boy's face.

These people were the most hospitable of any I was ever acquainted with. Not remembering any specific instances reported by Br. Barnes (though I know he fell in with many such), I will give one that came under my observation, to illustrate this characteristic. Several of my hearers in Galena came in a great distance from the country. I went out and spent a week with one of them, examining his lead mines, riding over the prairies, &c. I was let down a shaft nearly a hundred feet deep, where I wandered about for a long time, and brought up some fine specimens of ore, which I carried home with me.

One day a stranger rode up to the house, but before coming in he took his horse to the stable, and fed him some corn, which he took out of the crib. On entering, he helped himself to a seat, the lady remarking at the same time, "You have not been to dinner;

I reckon." He answered that he had not. The family had eaten, so the lady provided a dinner for him alone, to which he did ample justice, all the while talking of the weather, the times, &c. After a little he left, and taking his horse from the stable, rode off. There was no offer of pay, and I do not remember that there was even a "thank you." Of course I supposed it was some familiar friend, but I soon learned that he was as much a stranger to them as to me. The thing, they said, was a common occurrence. "A dinner was nothing"—"A feeding of corn was nothing." They were greatly surprised when told that such things would not be allowed at the East, and formed the opinion, I have no doubt, that Eastern folks were very stingy, narrow-minded people.

There was a very great difference, at that time, between the money made use of at the West, and that used in the East. At Chicago they had very little paper money; at Galena none at all. In ordinary business transactions, no pennies were in use, except at the Post Office. The money was gold and silver, and there was no difference between a five cent piece and a six cent piece, between ten cents and twelve and a half. If you paid twenty-five cents for a dinner, and handed the hotel keeper a dollar, he gave you back six ten cent pieces. If you paid the same for your supper, two of these settled the bill. If you paid five cents or six cents for an apple, you would receive no change, though you might take two apples, or three, for the same money. If you inquired the price of sugar, you would not be told the price of a single pound, but the number of

pounds for a dollar. So any other commodity where a dollar would purchase several pounds. A five or six cent piece was a "picayune;" a ten or twelve and a half cent piece was a "bit." These things were very strange to one who was recently from the East, though, as a Yankee, he was not long in becoming familiar with them. It is well to keep up the recollection of them among the modern population, with whom they have already passed out of use.

I will report a few incidents that may serve to illustrate the character of my friend. I attended public meetings with him, on a number of different occasions. He regarded it as no hardship to ride a hundred miles, to attend an Association or Convention; nor must it even be forgotten that then such journeys had to be performed without the help of a railroad, and over private roads that were at times almost impassable. In those days, the roads, if good, were very good; but if bad, they were as "bad as bad could be." Many a funny anecdote was told, involving the character of Illinois and Wisconsin roads. It is said that a traveler, passing over the country at a time when the roads were in a bad condition, espied a hat resting upon the surface of the mud, in one of the sloughs (*slues*). It looked like a good hat. and he made up his mind that he would try to recover it. So he procured a rail, and carefully walked along toward the hat. Picking it up, to his great surprise, he found a man's head under it. The man coolly remarked, "Don't disturb me. I shall get along well enough. I have got a good horse under me." A traveler, riding through the country, on horse back,

came to a bad place in the road, near the house of one of the settlers. So he called out to a man, and asked him if he could get across without any difficulty. "Yes, yes," was the reply, "there is a good bottom." So the traveler plunged in; but he soon found his horse completely covered, himself perched on the back of the animal. Crying out to his friend, he said, "I thought you said there was good bottom." "There is a good bottom," was the reply; "but you *have not got down to it!*" At such times the city was quite as bad as the country. About two weeks in the Spring, the streets were perfectly impassable. I have seen four horses so mired, directly in front of the Sherman House, that they had to be taken from the coach, and extricated separately, as best they could.

But we wander a little, which the reader must attribute to the law of association. I could not think of Associations, Conventions, etc., without thinking of the roads. I could not well think of the roads, without telling you something about them. I could tell very much more. I could tell how I saw a span of stage horses fall through a loose, ricketty bridge, and kept suspended by the harness underneath, until they were cut loose, and dropped into the slough. I could tell you how they were got out, and replaced before the other horses on the stage, and driven to the next station, as if nothing had occurred, the driver remarking that it was a common occurrence. I could tell a hundred more such and similar scenes, relating to the roads in Illinois at that time. Our worthy brother about whom we are writing, paid little atten-

tion to these obstacles. He had a work to do, and he did it, without regard to difficulties that lay in his way. He never referred to them by way of complaint, but only for the sake of amusement, and to enliven the conversation, when in the company of his friends.

Once I was with him at a Conference in Wisconsin. During the meeting I was solicited to marry a couple. At first I agreed to do it; but, on a little reflection, I doubted whether I had the right, in the State of Wisconsin. The rest of the ministers were in the same predicament, only that one of them, by taking the parties a few miles into another county, could lawfully perform the service. This minister was not much respected by the other clergymen, nor by the parties that were to be married. He subsequently left the denomination. Still, as that was the only thing that seemed practicable, it was resolved upon. So the clergyman borrowed a conveyance, took the gentleman and lady, and riding beyond the county line, performed the service in the carriage, and returned to the meeting, much elated with his good luck, in being able to pocket a liberal fee that was intended for another. Br. Barnes did not hesitate to express himself, in a very decided manner, against the exclusive appropriation of the fee. The circumstance is not important in itself; but it shows the different dispositions of men. Here is one man clinging to money to which he had a doubtful claim; and another, having such a nice sense of justice and propriety that he would have paid it over to another, whose claim to it was equally doubtful, for I did not feel that I had a right to the money, or

any part of it, though the claim was not without some show of justice.

When I went to Chicago, to take the pastoral charge of the First Universalist Society in that city, I had never been ordained, though I had preached over ten years. In the State of New York, that ceremony was not necessary to entitle a minister to all the rights and privileges of the profession, but in Illinois it was not so. There a man who had not been ordained was not a minister in the eyes of the law, and could not marry. One of the first things I did, therefore, was to make arrangements for my ordination. I heard from some one that Rev. W. S. Balch, then of New York City, now of Galesburg, was about to make a trip into Illinois. And, as he was an older man than I, and had been longer in the ministry, I thought he would be a more suitable person to perform this service than any of the Western clergymen with whom I was acquainted. I made arrangements accordingly, inviting at the same time, Brs. Barnes, Rounesville, Dean, &c., &c. Some of these brethren (no matter which, whether those named, or others included in "&c.,") were highly incensed at the preference shown to an Eastern minister. One or two of them declined to come forward and take part in the services. But, to the credit of Br. Barnes, he was not of the number. I do not say that he would not resent a real insult; I believe he would; but he would not be likely to construe any thing as an insult, unless the evidence to that effect was clear and decisive. In this case no such thing could be pretended. I never detected in him any

jealous or envious disposition. I will be excused, perhaps, for saying that Br. Barnes had a wife every way worthy of such a husband. Great care had been bestowed on her education. She had resided in Canada, and had attended a French school in that country. She had become familiar with the French language, as was also a sister, who was with her some portion of the time. It happened, too, that I was studying the French, the first few years I was at Chicago. Nothing was more natural than that I should make frequent visits at the residence of Br. Barnes, both when he was at home, and when he was absent. It was a rare opportunity for learning to speak the French language, and I availed myself of it, as far as I could, consistently with my other duties. The circumstance gave rise to many a harmless joke, which, I doubt not, he enjoyed, as well as the rest of us.

I have reason to believe that Br. Barnes loved his home as devotedly as any other man. I am quite sure that he had reason to. His amiable companion did all she could to make his home happy, and she succeeded. He appreciated her worth and expressed it in his conduct, if not in his conversation. It requires peculiar traits in a women to make a good minister's wife. Mrs. Barnes possessed these in an eminent degree.

This is a meagre sketch of Br. Barnes, as I knew him in Chicago. I could say much more, but it is unnecessary. He traveled and preached in all settled portions of Illinois and Wisconsin, and some parts of Iowa; and is remembered as a faithful laborer in

the Master's vineyard. Multitudes of Universalists will refer to him as the first preacher they ever heard in defence of the great salvation. His great aim was to establish the doctrine in that new country before others should come in and gain the ascendency. He accomplished much, but not all he desired in this direction. And those who love the doctrine of Universalism, will hold his name in veneration as long as they live, and hand it down to the next generation, as worthy of perpetual honor.

In the early days of his ministry, he was quite particular as to his personal appearance. He knew the importance of a becoming ministerial garb and deportment too well to expose his reputation to the charge of improper or unministerial acts.

His faith in Christianity appears never to have been disturbed by any serious doubts. He preached "Jesus and him crucified." He never wandered into bye and forbidden paths. He never experimented on the problem, how little he could believe in the Bible, and not forfeit the Christian name. He never aimed at startling his hearers with new and unheard of ideas. He preached a plain gospel, both in theory and practice; and he urged his principles with great power. No one ever heard him without being convinced that he fully believed all he said, and felt that he had sufficient evidence of its truth.

He had good business talents and uncommon executive ability. He was strictly honest. We never heard of his contracting debts with no reasonable prospect of paying. He had unbounded confidence in his ability to do all that he undertook. He looked

like a man of great endurance, but whether he was so or whether I got the impression from what he accomplished, may admit of some uncertainty.

But the hand of the Destroyer has been lifted, and he was cut down at an age when the faculties are usually in their full vigor. The denomination has lost one of its most faithful and devoted preachers and society at large one of its brightest ornaments. "Thy will, O God, be done."

XII.

DEATH.

One lovely August afternoon, I sat in my study at my house in St. Paul. It was Sunday. Brs. Reed and Tuttle were announced. I went to the parlor to visit them, not suspecting the sad news they had to communicate. I noticed some strange feeling of sadness in their manner of conversation. We conversed for fifteen minutes, during which time Br. Reed sat at intervals with his head resting on both his hands. Br. Tuttle rose up often, and carried his hand to his eyes; he appeared troubled. Both knew how fondly all Universalists in Minnesota were attattached to Br. Barnes, and they hesitated to pain me with the announcement of his death. At length Br. Tuttle said, "Br. Reed, we must tell him; shall I do it, or will you?" "I will," said Br. Reed, and he announced that Br. Barnes had died suddenly that morning, without a moment's warning, stricken down while rising from bed, with apoplexy. He could say no more.

The following account of his death was written by Br. Reed several weeks later, in a private letter addressed to myself. I insert it as being preferable to anything which I could give from my own pen. Br. Barnes died on Sunday morning, the 12th of August, 1866.

"I came with my family to his house on Saturday

"evening. This was by previous arrangement. I "was to preach for him the next day. We had a "most delightful visit that evening. I had never "seen him in better health, nor more cheerful. The "topic of conversation was Universalism, its pros- "pects in Minnesota, and the country generally. He "was eloquent over the theme. His eye had an un- "usual lustre; his thoughts came fast and bright; his "words were 'like apples of gold in pictures of silver.' "About ten o'clock, we all retired, encouraged and "happy.

"The next day dawned with all the brightness and "charm of which Summer is capable. I had just "risen, when I heard the exclamation, 'O, my God!' "break from the adjoining room. Then Mrs. Barnes "rushed into our room, and said, 'Hasten in, for my "poor husband is dying.' Mrs. Reed and myself "flew to the apartment. He lay insensible, his coun- "tenance serene and beautiful. We spoke to him in "various ways, but received no reply. We could "receive no signal whatever that he possessed any "consciousness. We asked him to press our hands "if he realized our presence. There was no pressure. "In about half an hour his material life was extinct. "He lay like one in the sweetest slumber. There "was so much of heaven on his countenance, it was "inspiring and soothing to look upon it. The spirit "as it took its way to realms of fuller light and "glory, painted its emotions of peace and joy upon "those comely features. The blow was heavy upon "all our hearts, but most so upon her to whom he "had so long been a stay and vitalizing sunlight.

"When the report of his death was circulated "through the town, a gloom, perceptible to us all, fell "upon the whole community. So greatly was he re- "spected, so much was he loved by all the people that "they were all mourners. It was a day of many "tears, and of profound sadness in all the vicinity."

He died as he desired; not after long weeks of wasting sickness, but suddenly. He was called home without pain. In the glory of that silvery morning he went through the beautiful gate, into the home of the redeemed. He went on Sunday morning, too, as he would have prayed to go.

Mrs. Garcelon, a lady somewhat in the dark concerning a future life, who believed Mr. Barnes must deliver her from that darkness, if ever she were to find deliverance upon this earth, had the following dream the night following his death. I give the account in her own language, It is addressed to Mrs. Barnes.

A DREAM.

"You were reclining in a chair, very much depressed, with your head bowed down upon your breast, your parents and friends about you, but you would not be comforted. I perceived a light stealing into the room, at last quite filling it with a brightness, not dazzling, like the sunlight, but a radiance which I understood to be the atmosphere of delight and fruition.

"I said that it filled the room, but it did not yet rest upon you. Presently I saw a shadowy form beside you; gradually it became more distinct, and I saw it was Mr. Barnes. At last it was well defined, and I saw him glorified and perfected, clothed with a flowing robe of the same light of happiness which pervaded all.

"In his left hand he held a beautiful vase of crystal, which I called in my dream a censer, and in it was a bright liquid I had never seen, and could not name. He did not seem to know that there were others present, but bent over you, caressing you with with his disengaged hand, saying, 'My cumbrous garment

of clay has been removed, that I may be a more fit messenger between God and the world, and my first message is to you. I come with the balm of healing which our Heavenly Father sends. But I cannot pour it upon your head until it is lifted a little, for you would not feel it.'

"He then tried to raise your head, telling you his feelings in these words: 'It was a bitter trial to be called from the body while you remained, but my Father has made it plain. I want you to be reconciled also, that I may continue so.' Then you raised your head a little, and he, putting his hand in the censer, baptized you with the balm of healing. Then the light, which had not before touched you, began to rest upon, and at last covered you, when you raised your head so much as to see that your husband was by your side. You gave a cry of gladness, as if you had heard him afar off, and was astonished when you looked up to find him so very near. Then you raised your eyes until they met his, when he bent nearer you with a smile upon his face so satisfied and glorious that words cannot describe it. In my joy and sympathy, I clasped my hands, began to sing 'Earth hath no sorrow which heaven can not heal,' and awoke."

If any one asks why I insert a mere dream, I answer, because a beautiful dream, like any other beautiful thing, is a joy forever. I do not insert it to inculcate any doctrine, nor to leave the impression that dreams have any significance, but because I would not despise anything, however fanciful, possessing such inherent loveliness.

On the Tuesday following, his earthly remains were borne to the church where he had so long officiated. The pulpit was draped in deepest mourning. Hundreds who desired to testify their appreciation of

his worth, were unable to find standing room. The scene was inexpressibly sad.

Rev. D. M. Reed conducted the funeral services, assisted by Brs. Tuttle. Goodrich and myself. He arose, and he held before the audience a few sheets of small note paper, saying that he held in his hand the last words which Br. Barnes ever wrote for a sermon. On the day before his death, not knowing that Br. Reed was to preach for him, he began a sermon. The text was in these words: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," which Br. Reed read. Br. Barnes had written but little, and I insert here what he had written on that last sermon:

"The spirit of the Gospel is a spirit of large be-
"nevolence, forgiveness, full with charity, ever point-
"ing upward, revealing more and more of the divine
"good, and inspiring the noblest views and purposes
"of life. It is a quickening spirit, unsealing the
"spiritual eyes, to behold the beauties and glories of
"a higher life, even the world of perfect love. Jesus
"pointed his hearers to the shining of the sun and
"the descending rain upon the evil and the good, as
"a testimony of the impartiality and boundless love
"and goodness of the Infinite Father. And he ex-
"horted his disciples to let their light shine, that
"through the unfolding goodness, others might be
"led to glorify God. Paul stimulated the disciples
"to holiness of life by turning their minds away
"from the corruptions and vanities of the world, to
"the contemplations of the triumphs of grace and
"truth, saying, 'We see not yet all things put under
"him, but we see Jesus, who was made a little lower
"than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned
"with glory and honor, that he, by the grace of God,
"should taste death for every man."

Br. Reed quoted the closing words, saying as he did so, that they were appropriate and such as he would have written, had he known that he should write no more. As nearly as the remarks can be reproduced at the present time, he spoke as follows:

"What a very strange fact is this, our human "life, swinging from health to sickness, from joy to "sorrow, from success to defeat, from smiles to tears. "How much of strange experience is crowded into "the days and years which come in between the hour "of birth and the hour of death. How little we "know, how little it is possible for us to know of "what is to befall us. I left my home on the Rock "River and came up here to spend a few days in your "delicious air, free from the cares, anxieties and sor- "rows which cluster around a pastor's pathway, and "how soon the shadows came.

"I was reading the other day of a phenomena "which was exceedingly thrilling. In a certain town "when there was not the smallest speck of a cloud "to be seen, when the sun was shining in all its "meridian glory, there came a flash of the most vivid "lightning, and peals of the most terrific thunder "rumbled all along the blue fields of the skies.

"So it sometimes is in the spheres of our social "and religious experience. When we can see no "cloud, when the sunshine is clear and warm on our "path, when our hearts are blossoming with happi- "ness, when the hours seem all too short because "they are so full of hope and delight, there comes "an allotment which transforms everything. The "clouds thicken, the electric fires begin to play, the "thunder to utter its solemn voice, the rains of trouble "to fall on our hearts. We pass into the cloud, and "it has a chill. But one thing is most gladdening. It "is, that if we look up, we shall find a sweet light above "the darkness. No cloud is without its radiant lining.

"We are here in sorrow now, because we have lost
"from among us one who was so dear to us all, one
"whose voice has been so long heard from this spot,
"whose earnest, loving words have here incited so
"many souls heavenward, whose tender ministrations
"have been such balm to so many wounded hearts.
"The beloved shepherd of this flock, the spiritual ad-
"viser of this church, the comforter of your sorrows,
"the expounder of Christian doctrine, who has stood
"so many years here as a shining light, he has van-
"ished bodily from among us. Bodily, I say, and only
"so, for spiritually he is with us still, and will con-
"tinue to be. The spirit spheres lie all about us,
"with their throngs of bright and blessed souls.
"And every time the golden portals open to admit a
"new comer, we can almost see the beauty of that
"summer land, and almost hear its enchanting music.
"Our dear ones are about us as tenderly, as loving-
"ly, as really, as ever. We may not realize it, but I
"believe it as much as I believe there is a God. To
"me, it is a source of solid comfort to feel that the
"immortal home is so close to our earthly homes.

"Br Barnes was born in Plymouth, Conn., and
"had he lived until next February, would have
"been fifty three years old. At an early age, he be-
"came interested in what is termed a revival of re-
"ligion. Then began mental troubles. His faith did
"not satisfy him; his heart found a bitterness in it.
"It did not meet his intellectual wants. There was
"no food in it for his highest and holiest aspirations.
"He began to study theology; he studied with earn-
"estness, honesty, and fervent prayer. As he went
"on with the investigation, light began to dawn on
"his understanding. It grew brighter and fuller and
"sweeter. At last he rose from his inquiries, con-
"vinced of the truth of Universalism. The great
"facts of God's universal love for humanity, and
"the final restoration of all souls to holiness and
"happiness, took deep root in the rich soil of his

"heart. He then resolved to enter the ministry of "the great reconciliation, to devote his life and ener- "gies to the diffusion of those better views of God, "and of the final destiny of mankind. And for "thirty years has he been one of the most zealous, "faithful and successful of our preachers. He had "no love deeper, than his love of truth, and no desire "more constant or more fervent than his desire "to do the will of God in all things.

"He studied for the ministry in Geneva, N. Y., "under the instruction of Rev. Jacob Chase; entered "upon his mission as a preacher of the gospel when "about twenty-two years of age; has been married "nearly twenty-five years. His first sermons were "spoken in Syracuse, N. Y. He preached a few "years in that State, then came to the West. He and "Br. Rounesville at one time published at St. Charles, "Ill, what was then the 'Better Covenant,' what is "now the 'New Covenant.' He was for a time at "Rockford, Ill., my present home, and his labors "there are now flowering out with promise. A num- "ber of years he was in Jefferson, Wis., where he "established one of the strongest Societies in the "State, and it is so to-day.

"For eleven years he has been here, and you all "know the wide success which has crowned his ex- "ertions all about you. This edifice of stone is one "of the monuments of his earnest work. This "structure will sometime crumble away; but there is "another monument which will never fall to fragments. "It is that which he has reared in your hearts. It is "made up of your respect, esteem, confidence and "love. So long with you, so instructive in your "pulpit, so alive and devoted in your Sunday School, "so spiritual and fervent in your conference meeting, "so pleasant at your firesides, so sympathetic in your "troubles, such a consoler of your griefs, whose "character has been such an illustration of the truth "and purity of your religious faith, and such a tower

"of strength to our cause in all this region, you had "grown to him in your trust and affection. There "shall never be years enough to quench the fragrant "memories which he has left among you.

"To remember how firm he was in his convictions "of truth, to call to mind the unwavering nature of "his faith in God, a faith which never failed him in "any of life's severest emergencies, to recollect the "spiritual purity of his character, the gentleness of "his spirit, his devotion to principle, this will help "you to gain those summits of spiritual vision and "holiness, to which he so constantly and so affec- "tionately urged you.

"As a sermonizer, he was clear, logical and con- "vincing. As a preacher, earnest, direct and im- "pressive. As a denominational man, we have never "had one more to be relied on or more devoted. As a "citizen, your town has never had one more sincere, "reliable, faithful, or more esteemed and beloved. "And no truer friend of our country has ever lived "under her glorious flag."

After the discourse by Br. Reed, I said a few words to the congregation of which the following is an abstract:

"I arise, not to add anything to what has been "said; not to eulogize the departed, nor yet to com- "fort those who mourn more deeply than myself; "but simply to give expression to the feelings of my "heart. When the news came to me of his depart- "ure, as it did suddenly on Sunday morning, I felt "that I desired to bear testimony to his worth. I "asked the privilege of saying a few words on this "occasion, as a relief to myself. When I heard of "his death I felt thought overtopping thought within "me. I panted to speak a single word of one whom "I have briefly but dearly loved.

"When I came to this Western country, I came a "stranger to a strange land. I came with many

"misgivings, to an untried field. Old friends were "left behind. I needed fatherly counsel. I met Br. "Barnes, and had he been other than he was, I know "not whether I should be standing here to-day.

"I came not to eulogize, but only to plant my un- "pretending evergreen upon his grave. But I cannot "do less than to say that I owe much of my peace, "and a large measure of my prosperity to him. His "counsel has taken me through many dangerous "places in safety. From the first hour that I met "him, until the close of our earthly intercourse, he "remained the same calm, reliable, faithful friend.

"We only appreciate friends when God takes them. "I know that I failed to realize his worth until the "news of his death illumined my spirit. But I look "back to many scenes, public and private, which I "trust were but a foretaste of others yet to come. "One conspicuous trait in his character was fidelity. "He was incapable of the slightest degree of double "dealing. Where I found him one day, there I found "him the next. One never need fear betrayal in deal- "ing with him. As open as a father to a child, he was "to all. And when I remember how many deal "openly in one way and secretly in another; when I "feel the blight of insincerity in every walk of life, "then I feel how irreparable is our loss to-day. This "virtue is rare, and our grief of necessity earnest.

"Another thing of which I would speak was his "freedom from jealousy. Even in ministerial circles, "there is sometimes a spirit of jealousy which poisons "intercourse. There is also pain when one is not "appreciated. Few are the ministers of Christ who "do not suffer from this cause. Few are the men "who humble themselves that they may be exalted. "Few who are content to sow seed that others may "reap the harvest. Few who with undoubting faith "in God, follow the footsteps of Christ with humility. "And I have met no one more free from every taint "of envy, no one more willing to labor for the benefit

"of those who were to follow, no one more free from "jealousy than he. His serenity, steadiness, trust "and humility were Christ-like, and altogether divine.

"We mourn the worthy whenever they die, and he "was worthy, yet I know not why we are mourners "in this house around his clay. He lived a blessed "life. His deeds are scattered like flowers over all the "prairies of this Western land, and thousands yet "unborn shall bless his labors, if not his name. "His faith was radiant. He died as he could have "wished. It is only the shortest distance over the "years, it may be only months, when we shall join "him. True, we miss him, but it seems to me that "our mourning ought to be tempered, and that in "view of his lovely life and painless death—in view "of his faith and our faith—we ought steadily to "think of him as only gone before to the beautiful "land. Through the rifted clouds of our sorrow "we ought now to see him in the home of the re-"deemed. I do see him there, for which I thank God. "Not with these mortal eyes, but with the eyes of "unclouded faith. God is good; oh, he is very "good. Good even in death. Br. Barnes is an angel. "Only once before have I seen heaven opened as I "saw it to-day. It was when my dear earthly father "passed through the beautiful gate. And almost as "clearly as I saw it then I see it now. That world! "oh, that world of which our brother has so often "spoken! It is as real as God. What a pleasing "face our brother had, what a happy expression al-"ways rested upon it. That expression is angelic "now. Oh! how lovely must that face be, with the "angelic added to the earthly. Br. Barnes was never "more alive than now. He never preached in this "house as he is preaching to-day. His eloquence "moves us all, and I hear him say, 'Dear little flock! "do not sorrow for me. Do not mourn that my "labor is ended. My Saviour is here; the larger "number of my congregation are here. Here is

"the rest of which I have told you. Here is my joy "and my crown.' You may tell me that I hear him "not, but I never saw or heard him as I see and hear "him now. Oh, my brothers, why do we refuse to "give wings to our faith? Why is the grave the "limit of our vision? I do never feel more en- "thusiasm for Christianity, than when I stand by "the body of a faithful Christian. If I did not be- "lieve, in the lower depths of my soul, I should be "comfortless in this hour.

"Farewell, then, soldier of the cross, since thou "art gone. With the same serenity that we give "twilight to night, we give thee to the grave. And "all the assurance which we feel that morning shall "re-clothe the night, we feel that thou hast a home "with the angels. By the promises of Jesus, by "Bethany and Gethsemane, by Calvary and the res- "urrection morn, we believe that thou art bathing "in that sea of infinite love, which so often thou "hast seen in vision.

"Oh, joyous, joyous sea,
"Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
"Where the sky is fair and free!

"O, blessed, blessed land,
"Where the living live forever,
"And the dead have joined the band!

"Oh, wondrous, wondrous shore,
"Where the sweet light shineth ever,
"And the sun goes down no more.

"O loved and longed for home,
"Where the rough roar riseth never,
"And sorrow comes no more.

"Oh! wondrous, wondrous home,
"Where all the earth is ransomed,
"And all the ransomed come."

After the services, I stepped down from the pulpit and took the hand of Mrs. Barnes. She was unable to speak, neither did she shed a tear while I saw her. A slight noise escaped from her lips, which told how

fearful was her agony. Such overwhelming sorrow I have witnessed only upon this occasion.

Slowly the procession formed, and bore all that was mortal of Br. Barnes to the cemetery. After his long and weary labors there rests the body, where the grave is often bedewed with tears from those who loved him, where affection can plant flowers, and build a monument, and give expression in any manner congenial. Br. Barnes himself is happy with spirit friends in the paradise of his Heavenly Father.

XII.

HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

Physically Mr. Barnes was hardly as large as the average of men, though he was quite up to the average in height. He was straight, walked erect, always with a measured pace, looking much of the time upon the ground, though not so constantly as many people in their walk. He was not a great walker, and resorted but little to that mode of exercise or locomotion. His chest was narrow, and his arms long in proportion to his body. His features were regular and in good proportion. His eyes black, and very expressive. He had a very genial, pleasant and lively face which won the hearts of strangers, and made him a welcome guest in all households. Though there was nothing peculiar or striking in his features, the general effect was such that once seen, he was never forgotten.

In the pulpit, he officiated with winning grace and sufficient dignity. He was always a very earnest preacher. Every one felt his sincerity. His power lay largely in simplicity, directness and earnestness. When aroused with his theme he made many gestures; ordinarily he made but few. He was not what the world calls a great preacher. Only upon extraordinary occasions did he move the people sensibly. But he was an honest, instructive and attractive preacher. People after hearing him once desired

to do so again. There was that in his preaching which won souls to Christ. He made Universalism appear lovely. His voice was sufficiently strong, and of good quality. His style was hardly commendable, so far as construction of sentences was concerned. They were too lengthy and too much involved. Yet he had the rare power of making himself distinctly understood.

He never preached extempore, except during a brief period, to which reference is made in the biography. He wrote a remarkably fine hand, very few ladies indeed, writing so fine. His sermons are written on an exceedingly small sized note paper—made sometimes out of larger sized letter or foolscap —and ordinarily he used but six sheets for a sermon. There was considerable monotony in his sermonizing, both in thought and style. He was not like a stream rising in the mountains, rushing and foaming for a distance, then leaping over a precipice, filling the air with spray and holding up a rainbow of brilliant colors, then advancing smoothly, and then rippling over a gravelly bottom, but he was like the Mississippi, pouring a calm and even current to the sea, bearing with it the riches of a nation. Had he been able to present a greater variety, he would have been more popular, though it is questionable whether he would have done more good.

I find in a thorough examination that he preached doctrine in almost every sermon. A very large majority of his sermons are ostensibly from doctrinal themes, and in no instance which I have observed, where the subject is apparently practical, or ethical, or

historical, or philosophical, is there such tenacity to themes as to prevent the introduction of a large amount of doctrinal matter. It is safe to say that all his sermons are doctrinal, whatever the subject announced. He presented the doctrine in all its phases, held it up before the people in every light, and discussed its bearing upon every event, and condition of life or death. He educated his congregation so that numbers of laymen could illustrate or defend Universalism better than the average of Universalist ministers.

He was not a man of brilliant conversational powers but was generally reticent in society, shrinking away from the multitude, to hold a few minutes chat with some intimate friend. In conversation with one or two, he was very earnest and attractive, but in a larger circle, he appeared under restraint. He changed greatly during his ministry in this regard, and acquired considerable ease in society toward the close of his earthly labors; nevertheless, he never attained to the home feeling in a crowd.

He was never a student, as that term is generally used, and not an extensive reader. His privileges for either were not indeed great; but had they been greater than they were, it is doubtful whether he would have availed himself of them to any considerable extent. He was not a theologian. He had a clear perception of the simple truths of the Bible, and he considered all other knowledge as trash in comparison. He found the kernel, not through the attenuated philosophy of the schoolmen, not by a dry, logical process of reasoning (though he was an ex-

Mr. Barnes was a good friend. His feelings were strong and his nature affectionate. He had been chastened and nourished in his holy religion, until his friendship was rather to be desired than fine gold. Many—indeed a great many,—have spoken to me of his fidelity in this regard. He had few confidants, but a multitude of friends. I am fearful that I have used too many superlatives in this work, but I can at least safely use them in speaking of him in this respect. All through the West, there are thousands who speak of him as their friend. They delight to so speak of him. Not being capable of a sinister thought or under-handed purpose, being always frank; flattering no one; betraying no one's confidence; giving advice to all as to brothers and sisters, he became enshrined in a thousand hearts.

Rev. D. M. Reed, who knew him intimately, says in a letter:

"Bro. Barnes was especially successful in seasons "of sorrow among his people. As persons gathered "at his home on the morning of his death, one thing "was quite impressive. When those came in who "had parted with some friend at the grave, this is "what they said: 'How glad he or she will be to "meet *him*.' So real had he made immortality to "them, so near had he brought the gates of the celes-"tial city. Under the influence of his teaching, death "lost all its terrors to those who were about to pass "into its mysterious valley. With their spiritual vis-"ion they could see the sunny regions which stretch "away beyond the sepulchre. How very desirable "is the gift to comfort hearts in their seasons of "bereavement."

No power which Bro. Barnes possessed, have I so

coveted, or so prayed and labored to obtain, as the power to impart to others that immortality I see so clearly myself. While to me the Beautiful Land is as real as my earthly home, I cannot bring this reality into the minds of others. Bro. Barnes had a peculiar power in this direction, and it was indeed precious.

I have alluded to his expressive face. All who were acquainted, even in a slight degree, were struck with this peculiarity. The expressiveness was not altogether in his eyes, though his eyes expressed much, but in his whole face. Some of his grandest spiritual victories were won, principally, by the soul appearing in the face. In conversation his face underwent rapid changes, revealing sympathy, sorrow, and love. The likeness which accompanies this volume, while it is faithful, yet gives very little idea of his power in expressing his mind in the play of his features.

One of the fast friends of Mr. Barnes, who was wealthy when he moved to St. Anthony, met with misfortune and gradually lost interest in the church. He came at length to think that no one respected him, and falling lower and lower, engaged at last in liquor selling to support his family. As soon as Mr. Barnes heard the facts, he called to see him, and after the usual salutations, sat down, exceedingly troubled. After a few moments' silence he asked kindly, and with evident emotion why he had engaged in selling liquors. "I must do something for a living," the man replied, "and no one has any confidence in me; I can make money faster in this way, and at last I resolved to do it." Mr. Barnes looked at him with

his expressive and affectionate face, saying, "Mr. B., I have confidence in you and I am sorry that you are selling liquor." Those kind words, and that look saved the man. He changed his business, and in a late letter says that he can see to this day how Mr. Barnes looked that morning.

But surely I need not particularize further. He was a man, take him all in all, whose like we shall not soon look upon again. So far as possible I have avoided over drawing, and yet, very likely many will think that I have hardly been candid. A man well balanced, kind, even tempered, judicious, affectionate, of sound judgment, without any evil in excess, and having all the virtues in good measure, is not often found. Mr. Barnes was such a man. Not like a majority of eminent men, brilliant in both vices and virtues, but a man of strong unconquerable rectitude, and with no vices that I can name. Not but that he had his imperfections like other men, but assuredly he had less than most other good men,—less by far than the average. I have sometimes thought that something approaching perfection, might be attained upon the earth. I have interpreted the words of Jesus, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," as implying this possibility. In casting about among those whom I have met, I find some who appear to have reached a great degree of moral perfection. I find those who would wrong no man knowingly; who desire human welfare; who desire their own and nothing more; who apparently do as well as they can. No one has ever impressed me with the idea of perfect uprightness to

a greater extent than Mr. Barnes, and if any persons deserve honorable mention, assuredly it is the good. In a somewhat extended acquaintance, I do not know another person fulfilling so nearly my idea of a MAN. Had he been better educated and enjoyed better health, he would have taken rank with the most able, and most excellent in the church. As it was, he grew up symmetrically, like some tall tree in the forest; erect, bearing an abundance of fruit, and felled early to the ground by an unexpected bolt.

My work is done. I have written not a biography, but a memorial-book for those who loved him. Let it be treasured for his sake until we all join him in our Father's House of many Mansions.

" Thou art in heaven and I am still on earth ;
I still a wanderer amid grief and fear
And thou the tenant of a brighter sphere,
Yet still thou seemest near ;
But yesterday it seems,
Since the last clasp was given,
And our eyes looked into each others' depths.

Thou art amid the deathless, I still here,
Amid things mortal in a land of graves,
A land o'er which the heavy-beating waves
Of changing time, move on, a land where raves
The storm which whoso braves
Must have his anchor fixed
Firmly within the vail ;—
So let my anchor be ;
Such be my consolation and my hope !

Thou art amid the sorrowless, I here
Amid the sorrowing ; and yet not long
Shall I remain 'mid sin, and fear and wrong.
Soon shall I join you in your sinless song.
Thy sun has risen not set
Thy life is now beyond
The reach of death or change ;
Not ended but begun.
Such shall our life be soon
And then—the meeting day,
How full of light and joy ! "

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